

EDVARD MUNCH: Max Kozloff

THE NATION

Upsala College November 8, 1965 . . 35c
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CRIME IS TOO BIG FOR THE FBI

An Ex-Agent Sums Up
William W. Turner



**THE KLAN
DISCOVERS HUAC**
WALTER GOODMAN

The Student Left

Idealism and Action Jack Newfield

Mr. Trilling Revives Gentility Frederick J. Hoffman

LETTERS

War buddies

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: According to the papers, the International Days of Protest against the War in Vietnam had some counter-demonstrations, led chiefly by the Young Americans for Freedom, the Joe McCarthy Society, the National Renaissance Party and the Young Republicans (not to mention the Republicans for Conservative Action, Friends of Hells Angels and the Hells Angels, themselves).

A couple of Y.A.F. and Y.R. leaders, interviewed by the news media, said substantially the same thing, "We support President Johnson 100 per cent."

The irony of all this—the laughable, tragic irony—is that *none* of these people (be they Republicans, extreme Right or neo-Fascists) supported Vice-Presidential candidate Johnson for election; *none* supported candidate Johnson for re-election; *none* supported him on civil rights, on education, on housing, on poverty legislation, on medicare, on repeal of 14-B—only on the bombing of Vietnamese do they support him.

And, comes the next national elections, these same "supporters" will again accuse the Democrats of being the "war party." *Harned Prasentnik*

New chapter of protest

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: The October demonstrations established the existence of a militant peace movement, a coalition of pacifist and radical groups around the concept of an immoral, unjust war in Vietnam. The main idea of the demonstrations was to "get out!" It has been obvious for some time that such a movement exists. Now it has a formal expression and has made its own mark. . . .

Already the government has set in motion the apparatus to attack the movement. Not far behind will come the House Un-American Activities Committee. . . . The peace movement will be kept busy defending itself from attack. This will not only include legal attack but also vigilante attack by the Legion and other "gung-ho" groups.

The liberal peace movement which is planning the November 27 Washington demonstration represents a separate sector. It appeals to middle-class intellectuals and projects negotiation as the basis for peace in Vietnam. Politically it is close to the White House. . . . In essence the difference revolves about the terms of settlement. At one time, the White House all but pre-empted the program of the liberal peace movement,

but the presence of 200,000 troops has shifted U.S. aims from a negotiated peace to a negotiated victory.

All realists have recognized that the U.S. could not be driven out of Vietnam, but neither have we been able to win the support of the Vietnamese people. We may be able to annihilate the people but it will take even more men to pacify the population. . . .

As the war escalates slowly . . . we find a game of attrition being played. . . . This game can be best played by a manipulative government and a passive people. The demonstrations and counter-demonstrations have not been programed on the "game-theory" board. This tends to distress the President and his advisers.

Somehow or other the very placidity of the situation, the failure of the opposition in Western Europe, Africa and Latin America to arouse more clamor, encourages the U.S. policy makers. Vietnam has not pricked the conscience of the world to the degree that Spain did in 1936-39!

We are in for some difficult months. *A. Y. Gregoris*

Segregated teachers

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Stanley Elam's piece on teachers' unions, "Rift Without Differences" [*The Nation*, Oct. 18] . . . did overlook one major item. . . . Much of the NEA strength comes from segregated state and local organizations. One has the impression that the NEA has not vigorously pressed a drive to integrate, whereas almost a decade ago the AFT abolished segregated locals.

Umberto La Paglia

Reply to 'Rant'

Perth Amboy, N.J.

Dear Sirs: I write to continue the conversation with Mordecai Marcus [letter in *The Nation*, Oct. 25] on art and the Left.

In finishing a book with some paragraphs on the last forty-five years in art, I was struck by the fact that wherever great artists did work on an existing conflict of Left and Right they always chose the Left. This is not rant. It is a report on what happened.

The Fascist revolution in Italy cannot claim *Fontamara* or any comparable work. Franco likewise has nothing comparable to *Guernica* or *For Whom the Bell Tolls*; Chiang cannot match or claim *Man's Fate*. The Mexican muralists' works are on the Left.

In their lives or opinions artists can be for the Right, as was Pound. But, curiously, I find no great work expressive of the Fascist successes. Perhaps Mr. Marcus knows such a work.

David Mandel

THE NATION

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Volume 201, No. 15

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The Nation, Nov. 8, 1965. Vol. 201, No. 15

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1965 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, \$10; two years, \$18. Foreign and Canadian postage: \$1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

Work for the "Fabulous" 89th

The "fabulous" 89th Congress has now adjourned with the Presidential accolade, its own congratulations, and almost universal journalistic acclaim. The jubilation is not without a solid basis. At a future cost of some \$119 billion, virtually all the must items have been enacted and in several directions new legislative ground has been broken. It is all so wonderful that Senator Mansfield feels the second session should be one of "pause" for consolidation and implementation.

It will probably be such a session in any case, since 1966 is an election year, a time when politicians become prudent, if not fearful. However, the record of the 89th is not all that wonderful. Instead of taking a complete siesta, would it not be opportune to stage a systematic, thoroughgoing discussion of American foreign policy? Such a review has been postponed again and again for the past twenty years, and it is high time that the Senate got to work in this neglected sector of the nation's business. The reasons have been well stated recently by Sen. George D. Aiken, Walter Lippmann and John S. Knight, among others.

Senator Aiken is not sharply critical of the President; he concedes that his policies in the past year have been "a fair reflection of the attitudes of the American people." But he adds that a strong President is not only in a position to educate but to persuade, cajole or even intimidate the people into a particular course of action. However, in the American tradition, that is not supposed to be the end of the matter. Congress is not relegated to the role of rubber stamp under our system, nor does all wisdom reside in the Executive. By public discussion and debate, Congress is expected to enlighten the public and to correct the errors that are inevitable in complex affairs. When the recess is over, the 89th should honor this responsibility.

The consequences of a policy of neglect and acquiescence in the legislative branch are the subject of comment by Lippmann and Knight; the latter titles his article in the *Detroit Free Press*, "Filling an Intellectual Vacuum." The fact is that the teach-ins and street demonstrations have been a democratic reaction to the lack of official debate and dissent. We are not a nation of yes-men, at least we never have been that in the past, and when the President constantly on radio and television announces *faits accomplis* that affect the lives of us all, and then in private persuades or browbeats Congressmen to go along, free Americans will state their views in their own way. Wise or foolish, the university faculty members who have organized the teach-ins, and students who have demonstrated in the streets, have exercised a constitutional right and a civic duty. They have done what the Congress should have done. Instead of the praise which is their due, they have been greeted with a stream of abuse from some Congressmen, who seem to be under the impres-

sion that they are the censors of the voters—and the young who soon will be voters—rather than their legislative representatives.

One index to the effectiveness of a legislative body is its deference, or lack of deference, toward its most intelligent members. The ineffectiveness of the 89th in foreign affairs is shown by the quasi-isolation of Sen. J. William Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, one of the Senate's outstanding foreign policy experts, and probably one of the unhappiest men in Washington. He has made speech after speech, each full of sense, and has been rewarded with the indifference of his colleagues, as if he were some brash newcomer. It is perilous to ignore men like Fulbright, and the Senate can remedy this neglect at the second session. If it evades its clear duty, all the accomplishments of the first session may be consumed in the fires of the expanding war.

Draftniks and Vietniks

One reason why Congressmen should refrain from bawling against Vietnam war resisters is that their philippics will be scarcely audible in the general chorus of brainless denunciation. The country has a sizable army of verbal shock troops always ready to cry treason when anyone dares to question the righteousness of any of our wars, declared or undeclared. Its members range from juvenile activists who have found a better outlet than overturning ashcans, veterans of past wars who revel in belligerent patriotism, intellectuals of the Establishment, fire-eating clergymen, white Russians and other *émigrés*—and a noisy section of the press.

Surprised and somewhat dismayed by the size of the October 16 weekend turnout, the news media, as is their habit, pulled out all the stops. Most of them misquoted the Attorney General, whose remarks in Chicago, while condemnatory, were notably cautious. Some jumped the membership of Students for a Democratic Society from 3,000 to 300,000—a slip of the decimal that must have panicked some readers. Others identified the anti-war movement with international communism. Still others maintained that in clean-living America, where the bathroom is a kind of household shrine, the demonstrators were the great unwashed. Although *U.S. News & World Report*, *Time* and *Newsweek* all had long articles denouncing the demonstrators, none found space to evaluate their opposition, answer their arguments soberly, or consider how and why the resistance to the Vietnam war differs from conscientious objection in the two World Wars and the Korean War.

Yet there need be no mystification. To begin with, Vietnam is a dirty, shameful war, in which we are trying to put down an indigenous revolutionary movement whose aim is to free the country from foreign

domination and ultimately to unite the two halves, as provided in the Geneva agreements. Not surprisingly, conscientious objection is more widespread than in World War II, when the United States was attacked and fascism threatened the world, or in the Korean War in which, according to generally accepted opinion, the Communists were the aggressors. A young man might not wish to oppose war under all conditions, yet might with every moral justification refuse to fight in *this* war.

Moreover, a whole generation has been impressed with the issue of individual moral responsibility in mass killing. What else is the point of the endless debate about the responsibility of the Germans who *heiled* Hitler and knew nothing of the extermination camps until the Third Reich was defeated and there was no longer any need for them to do anything? After the Nuremberg trials, how can anyone who believes in the Judeo-Christian ethic take refuge in the doctrine of "my country, right or wrong," and gladly go out to kill?

Then, an uneasy feeling exists in the rising generation that war per se is wicked and futile. How widespread this feeling is, how deep it runs, remains to be seen. But the young can see that two world wars have settled very little, that the next war may bring on a nuclear disaster of inconceivable dimensions, and that, scarcely having lived, they may perish for no cause that can find any justification in love of country, love of mankind, or love of self.

Finally, are memories so short that the campaign promises of 1964 are already forgotten? Mr. Johnson gave no inkling that he purposed to expand the war in Vietnam. Both candidates suggested that the Selective Service system needed revision, that perhaps it could be abolished. Now the young are called on to engage in a general bloodletting, and theirs not to reason why. When they ask questions, they are told to shut up and get into uniform. It is late in the day for sheeplike conformity masquerading as patriotism.

An Arms Embargo

The simultaneous and interrelated rise of industrialism and nationalism was a bad augury for the future of mankind from the very beginning. Never, however, has its maniacal character been as clear as in the current eagerness of the industrialized nations to sell arms to the underdeveloped—when what the people need is bread, medicine, shelter and clothing.

It is bad enough that West Germany spends some \$700 million on arms yearly under an "offset" agreement, with German purchases reimbursing the United States for the dollars it spends to keep American troops in the Federal Republic. Nor is it any better when, without an offset agreement, our government spends more than \$300 million a year in France for military purposes. But this is military trade among wealthy countries; one might say that, if lives are no object, they can afford it.

It is also in the regular line of business when the

chairman of the board of Lockheed Aircraft, and no less than five senior vice presidents, make a "little trip" to Saudi Arabia in connection with a massive air "defense" system including jet fighters, radar and ground-to-air missiles in a deal that, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, might run to \$250 million. Saudi Arabia is also among the wealthy, at least in the ruling families. But the trade does not stop there. Both India and Pakistan are close to famine, but the United States has supplied both with arms in the past; now India is exercised over a report that West Germany has decided to sell Pakistan seventy-eight jet aircraft. In the Near East a spiraling build-up of arms continues between Israel and the Arab nations, and John H. Hoagland and John B. Teeple describe in *The Christian Science Monitor* (October 20) some of its ramifications. One involves the move of part of the Willy Messerschmitt aircraft design organization from West Germany to Spain, and thence to Egypt. Armaments know no boundaries.

The Soviets are notorious arms suppliers to all and sundry, as long as they are not allied with the United States—or China. However, at the height of the export program to Egypt, in 1956, Premier Khrushchev said: "... We should sell arms to states which urge us to do so, and the reason ... is that shipments are being made by other countries. If it were possible to agree through the UN or otherwise that this would not take place, we would welcome that and we would be prepared to take part in such an understanding." Hoagland, who is vice president of Browne & Shaw Research Corporation, and Teeple, who is supervisor of the Washington Arms Control Group of the Bendix Corporation, suggest that it may be no more difficult to reach agreement on an arms embargo with the Soviets than with "our friends in the West." They list an embargo, both on arms and technology, a guarantee of borders, a regional arms freeze and partial disarmament on the part of the major powers as possible steps. The chances of an agreement are certainly not bright, but would it not be better to try than to let the spiraling arms races in the underdeveloped world go on unchecked?

Justice for Homosexuals

No doubt even in vice squads there are enlightened and dedicated officers of the law, but inevitably brutal, moralistic, authoritarian types will predominate in that environment. Partly because of this disproportion, the treatment of the homosexual, especially the male homosexual, is one of the murkiest areas of civil rights. It is murky also because the homosexual, notoriously vulnerable to extortion and blackmail in our culture, is in no position to make an issue of his constitutional rights, much less of his rights as a human being. So much is generally known. What is not so well known is that even sexually impeccable individuals who attempt to intervene in this scandal of American society are subject to much the same pushing around as the homosexuals whom they try to help.

The late Learned Hand, one of the wisest and most humane of American jurists, recommended that homosexual relations between consenting adults in private should be legalized. The latest Kinsey Report, *Sex Offenders*, suggests that the proper domain of sex law is where force or threat is employed, in cases involving an adult and a child, and in cases of sexual activity or solicitation so obtrusive as to constitute a public nuisance. Acting on these convictions, a group of clergymen and laymen in San Francisco chartered the Council on Religion and the Homosexual as a non-profit corporation under the laws of the state of California. The Council has produced a brochure, "A Brief of Injustices," which should be read by every citizen who would like to see his country relieved of a legal abomination. It may be obtained at \$1 a copy from C.R.H. at 330 Ellis St., San Francisco 94102.

Among C.R.H.'s findings are that in effect the American mores, enforced by the police with or without statutory support, deprive homosexuals of their legal rights. The police use enticement and entrapment to make arrests. Instead of protecting citizens from criminals, a substantial part of the police department devotes itself to harassing and persecuting homosexuals, who almost always are harmless. Public premises, such as bars, are subject to loss of license if they provide service to homosexuals or persons presumed to be

homosexuals. When the members of C.R.H. tried to correct these abuses locally, the police accused them of violating "God's law"—to which they apparently considered themselves more privy than the clergy, who were greeted with remarks such as, "I never thought I'd see the day when ministers helped queers."

Aside from actions of the police or the California Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, persons conceived to be homosexuals, but who may be merely effeminate, are routinely subjected to discriminatory employment practices based on the folk belief that homosexuals are unstable and untrustworthy. Like most folklore, this is nonsense, duly sanctified by government. In this case the superstition is reinforced by the loyalty procedures of the federal bureaucracy. In countries like Denmark and Holland homosexuals are not ostracized by the public nor hounded by the police, and there has been neither a breakdown of conventional morality nor of national security. It is principally in the United States that cases occur like that of Walter Jenkins, for a quarter of a century one of Lyndon Johnson's most trusted aides, who was forced to resign a year ago because of a homosexual incident which bore no resemblance to his habitual behavior or responsibility. Such personal and national tragedies can be obviated if sensible people will support the efforts of organizations of the type of C.R.H.

ELEVENTH HOUR IN RHODESIA

N. M. Shamuyarira

Although Southern Rhodesia suddenly leaped onto the front pages of the world press only last month, the tragic racial drama there has been unfolding steadily for nearly eight years. Journalists who visited Southern Rhodesia in that period, and particularly since 1962, have warned sternly that another South Africa in terms of racial patterns, or another Congo in terms of racial conflicts, was in the making. Their warnings, reinforced by the protests from delegations sent by Rhodesian Africans to every United Nations session since 1960, were unheeded in the international community and in Great Britain. The latter could not be urged to "act" until Ian Smith, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, demanded that it "abdicate"* its responsibilities. Therefore, a problem that could have been solved by the stroke of the pen of Sir Alec Douglas-Home in 1957, or

Mr. Duncan Sandys in 1961 (successive secretaries for Commonwealth Relations in the Macmillan government), may now require a full-scale military operation by Great Britain or the United Nations, or prolonged racial fighting between the 217,000 white settlers and the 4 million indigenous Africans of Southern Rhodesia.

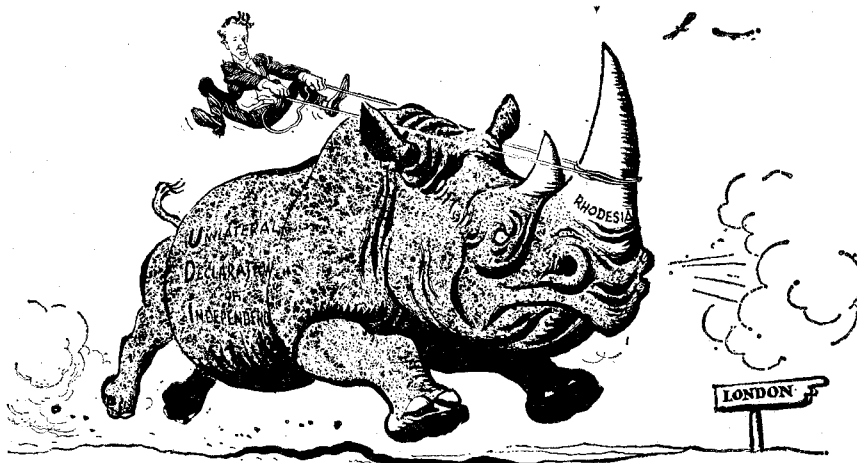
In 1957, Sir Alec Douglas-Home brushed aside objections by 9 million Africans of the Central African Federation (to which Southern Rhodesia then belonged, along with Zambia and Malawi), and of the watchdog African Affairs Board, to the Constitutional Amendment Bill which established the principle of registering voters in the Federation on separate A and B rolls, according to their financial and educational qualifications. The A roll controlled fifty of the sixty-five seats in the legislative assembly, and this division of the electorate gave the white settlers, then led by Sir Roy Welensky, an instrument for main-

taining effective control, while ostensibly extending suffrage to the native population. More important, the entire bill shook the confidence of the Rhodesian Africans in the basic intentions of the white settlers in Rhodesia, who were supported at this point by the British Government. Southern Rhodesia's prime minister, R. S. Garfield Todd (recently placed under restrictive arrest for twelve months), was ignominiously dismissed by his cabinet, party and the electorate, primarily because he had intended to improve the status of the Africans.

In 1961, the Africans of Rhodesia, backed by a widely supported reso-

N. M. Shamuyarira, born in Rhodesia in 1928, was for four years editor of the now-banned Daily News, the only paper in the country edited for African readers. He is at present studying for a Ph.D. in politics at Princeton University. Mr. Shamuyarira's Crisis in Rhodesia (Andre Deutsch) was published last month in London.

*"Act or abdicate" was a key phrase in the Devlin Commission on Nyasaland, now Malawi, in 1959.



Illingworth: London Daily Mail (Ben Roth)

lution of the General Assembly of the United Nations, rejected the constitution that had been negotiated by Mr. Duncan Sandys in Salisbury at a conference attended by leaders of all racial groups and political parties in Southern Rhodesia. Although it had appeared that the African leaders at the conference had given tacit approval to the proposals, their followers rejected them outright at two representative party conferences. I was one of four delegates sent by the nationalist movement to the United Nations in 1962 to petition the Colonialism (Fourth) Committee against the introduction of this constitution. The main point of our argument then was that the A and B rolls were designed to place the 4 million Africans at a hopeless disadvantage in the legislature. We observed that the fifty A roll seats gave the settlers the two-thirds majority by which they could change the constitution as they saw fit—including the abolishment of African representation altogether, or the step of unilateral independence which now threatens. Duncan Sandys rode roughshod over our advice and the UN resolutions.

Both British ministers rested their cases on a belief in the expressed good intentions of the white settlers. In the 1961 negotiations, Duncan Sandys surrendered Britain's established power to intervene decisively on African legislation, whenever it felt the occasion demanded, and accepted instead a bill of rights, a constitutional council and other constitutional safeguards—all to be implemented by the settler administration and civil service. Indeed, he placed so much trust in Sir Edgar Whitehead, then Prime Minister and leader of the more moderate but now defunct United Federal Party,

that in certain cases, notably the controversial Land Apportionment Act, he accepted only verbal promises that justice would be done to the indigenous Africans.

What has been the upshot of all this trust? The white settlers accepted the Sandys constitution in order to rid themselves of the influence of Whitehall, and then rid themselves also of Whitehead and his promises at the subsequent election in 1962. The more radical, right-wing Rhodesia Front, now led by Mr. Ian Smith, was brought into office with a mandate to halt the African progress that had been promised in the 1961 constitution, and to press harder for what has always been their main aim: independence and white supremacy.

Given this background, it may be understandable why the announced basis of the discussion in Salisbury last week between Mr. Harold Wilson, Prime Minister of Britain, and Mr. Ian Smith—namely the 1961 constitution and an international treaty—is totally unacceptable to the African people. For four years now the Africans have expressed unequivocal objection to the 1961 constitution, for the reasons stated above. Successive British governments have agreed that the Africans' view is reasonable, although they have urged them to participate under the constitution. It is unthinkable that that document can now be considered a basis of discussion.

Even more important, the native Rhodesians have made it clear that the "blocking third" idea—now one of the five principles being advanced by Great Britain—is equally unacceptable. In the 1962 UN debate, they would have accepted a

blocking third in the legislature (which meant twenty-four seats controlled by the B roll instead of the fifteen offered by Sandys), but only to insure that white settlers did not make retrogressive changes to the existing constitution before the final constitution of an independent Southern Rhodesia had come into being. At the time of independence the Africans want nothing short of a majority of seats in the Southern Rhodesian parliament. No African, not even the fifteen Uncle Toms now in parliament, has ever accepted the blocking third in the constitution of the independent nation. They know of too many governments that violate their own constitutions with impunity.

The present dispute between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Smith has tended to obscure the fundamental differences between Mr. Wilson's proposals and the Africans' aspirations. Efforts to narrow this gap succeed when the Labour Party is out of office, but when it becomes the government it inherits the Tory position of gradual African advance, which means in fact no advance, and either a studied disregard of African voices raised in protest or a revival of the doctrine of good faith in the settler population, despite a record that speaks eloquently to the contrary.

Mr. Smith's case is not intended to convince the Africans; rather it is meant to frighten them and to strengthen his following among the settlers. It rests on the premise that African states north of the Zambezi are being badly governed today, and that Rhodesia should not be allowed to drift into similar chaos. Further, that Southern Rhodesia, under settler rule, has been self-governing for forty-three years and now clearly deserves independence. The first point is simply untrue. Several African states have had their teething troubles, but on balance they are better governed now than they were during colonial days: there is certainly a greater impetus for development and more participation by all the people at all the levels of government. In Zambia, the post-independence economic boom has attracted to the country more Europeans than left it in the hour of independence. The European settler of Southern Rhodesia can find security in that country today and to-

morrow only under a majority government; they live securely on borrowed time as a repressive minority.

On the second point, while it is true that Southern Rhodesia has been self-governing for forty-three years—it is the only country in the British Commonwealth of Nations that has ever controlled its army and police before independence—it has not earned its independence by the way it has governed. The sixty-three pieces of discriminatory legislation that have been put on the statute books, the banning of newspapers and of five successive African political parties, the detaining of party leaders for periods up to five years without trial, the ignoring of court decisions on constitutional issues, a sharply rising prison population (it now stands at 17,000), the exclusion of Africans from fertile farming lands and from all executive posts in the civil service—all these acts comprise a record of repression which does not deserve the reward of independence.

More alarming is the grand design of the 3.5 million Europeans in South Africa, Rhodesia, Mozambique and Angola (there are 5 million Europeans in Africa as a whole) to defy African nationalism in the whole of southern Africa. Their ultimate intention is to make the area a little Europe, bound together by military treaties, and associated with other African countries like the Congo (assuming Tshombe's influence remains or can be re-exerted through the bands of white mercenaries still there) in a common market.

In the face of the record and the overall settler designs, the international treaty suggested by Mr. Smith would be laughable if it were not serious. His own government violated the 1961 constitution before the ink was dry. The most glaring example was the restrictions placed on the freedom of the two African nationalist leaders, Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, President of the banned Zimbabwe African National Union, and Mr. Joshua Nkomo, President of the banned Zimbabwe African People's Union, even after the high court had ruled such restriction without trial to be contrary to the letter and spirit of the 1961 constitution. Another violation is the Land Apportionment Act—the main segregation law which divides the country into white and black areas of about equal size. The Constitutional

Council which was set up to watch over discriminatory legislation has reported that this act, and the principles behind it, cut clean across the constitution. The British Government has said the same. Smith refuses to release the restricted leaders, or to repeal the act, but still wants to create the impression that he can be relied upon to govern more justly in future if he is put entirely on his own. No one can be fooled. Africans are fully aware of the contemptuous manner in which basic clauses in South Africa's 1910 constitution were dislodged by the late Dr. Malan, who packed the senate and the courts with supporters of his brand of Afrikaanderdom and white supremacy. Actions over the years in Rhodesia have convinced the Africans there that the vote is their only effective safeguard. It is often asked on the other side, what safeguard will there be for the European settlers? The answer is simple: only the good will of the Africans, in fact the magnanimity of the majority, can safeguard the interests of the settlers.

The native Rhodesian's case is firmly based on two principles—that he must enjoy human dignity and exercise to the full his ability to advance in the land of his birth, and that minority rule is necessarily oppressive. The latter premise is clear from what has already been written. In order to rule for their own advantage the settlers are taking ever more oppressive measures against the overwhelming majority. The former and more positive point is equally self-evident. Until one sees the horizon one cannot desire to advance toward it. Until the indigenous people of Southern Rhodesia can determine fully the political, social and economic goals of their motherland, their enthusiasm for advancement can never be set in motion.

The question before Great Britain now is how to stop Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front from declaring independence unilaterally, if Wilson fails to persuade them to negotiate it. Economic sanctions, which London has promised to use, have failed to work in previous instances. However, the Rhodesian economy is so heavily dependent on England that if full sanctions were imposed by Great Britain and all its NATO allies, the Rhodesian pound would drop to about two-

thirds of its present value. The new country would lose nearly half of its exports to Britain and Zambia, a third of its imports from Britain, and its London accounts would be frozen. The main target would be tobacco, the country's biggest export, which enters Britain on very favorable Commonwealth preferential terms. Half of the crop—about 100 million pounds—is sold to England. America, which will follow the British example, has stockpiled 700 million pounds of tobacco, enough to swamp the world market for some years. Other products to suffer from embargoes and the loss of Commonwealth preference include sugar, the country's fastest growing industry, and, to a small extent, beef. All this sounds impressive action on paper, but one does not know to what extent South Africa would want to bail out Rhodesia, or the reaction of trading countries like Japan, and even France.

It would therefore be imprudent for Great Britain on the one hand, and the international community on the other, to rely solely on sanctions to solve the Rhodesian situation. There should be contingent preparations for a military operation—not necessarily to punish Smith, as some British newspapers have suggested, but to prevent a racial war on the Zambezi. Such a conflict would set back race relationships in the whole of Africa for many years to come, and lower the prestige of Western nations throughout the continent. Nor is this the only justification for international action by the United Nations and/or the Organization of African Unity, alone or in conjunction with other regions. The harshness of the racial laws of Rhodesia is a violation of the United Nations charter and an affront to the dignity of man. Further, an illegal act of the magnitude of the unilateral declaration of independence is tantamount to an invasion of the people of Southern Rhodesia.

Britain may find it difficult to use force because of the deep personal feelings between its own people and the settlers. About 60 per cent of the settlers are British-born, and most of them are postwar immigrants (a fact which puts in question their claim to Rhodesia as their native land). There is already considerable dissension in the Conserv-

ative Party over the use of sanctions, but Britain has let it be known in New York that in the event of a unilateral declaration it could support and even contribute men to a UN force in Rhodesia.

As for the Africans, their leaders

have made it clear that if Smith carries through his threats they intend to establish a government-in-exile and wage a vigorous guerrilla warfare inside the country. The aim will be to draw the allegiance of the 4 million Africans away from the

settler government. Although it is now late, decisive action by Great Britain—which is primarily responsible for the present crisis—and the international community could prevent a Congo-type chaos or a bitter, drawnout racial conflict.

Crime Is Too Big for the FBI . . . William W. Turner

Shortly after the conclave of Cosa Nostra czars at Apalachin, N.Y., on November 14, 1957, special agents of the FBI could have been seen moving stealthily up and down the ranks of automobiles in the parking lot of a large West Coast air terminal. Every so often a G-man jotted down a license number, and it looked as if they were on the spoor of big game. In the spring of the following year FBI chief, J. Edgar Hoover, rejected a request from the attorney general's Special Group on Organized Crime that a number of agents be assigned to help nab the crime bosses who had found federal sleuths napping at Apalachin. Hoover snubbed the Special Group, claiming that it had no "specific target" and would use his minions on "fishing expeditions." "Obviously," he huffed, "we have neither the manpower nor the time to waste on such speculative ventures."

What was the crucial airport mission that occupied the G-men? I was there, an FBI agent on duty. It was part of a nation-wide drive, but not, I'm ashamed to say, a drive aimed at organized crime: it was the very model of a fishing expedition. The superbly trained agents were noting out-of-state license numbers on the random chance of finding a "hot" car that had been transported interstate. If they spotted one, they would be able to log a double statistic: one car recovered, one recovery value. A lot of time and manpower could thus be spent on finding just one stolen car that local police patrols would eventually stumble upon anyhow; but the airport patrol was part of the

FBI's relentless campaign, year in and year out, for more and more impressive statistics. When results from all fifty-five offices are tabulated at the end of each year, Hoover can boast of "new peaks of achievement." An example: in 1961 the FBI recovered "17,430 stolen automobiles valued at more than \$26.5 million," an "all-time high."

During my ten and a half years with the FBI, I learned to value the camaraderie and sense of public service that went with the job. But as time passed I became acutely aware that the bureau was hollow at the center. It buried its head in the sand where organized crime was concerned, alternatively pretending that it didn't exist or was none of the FBI's business. And it covered up this blindness with a gaudy show of statistics. The consequent sad paradox has been that over a period of forty years the FBI and organized crime have flourished together.

As a young, hustling director, J. Edgar Hoover got the FBI off to a flying start. He devised innovations that remain a tribute to his vision: the FBI laboratory, the identification division that houses the nation's fingerprints, and the National Academy that teaches the rudiments of investigation to law officers from all over the country. Though handicapped by lack of field experience, he showed a remarkably deft touch in guiding the affairs of his fledgling bureau. The Man, as his subordinates referred to him, whipped what had been a lackadaisical, ill-regarded outfit into fighting trim.

It wasn't long before the new-look G-men were put to the test. Eliot Ness and his Treasury Department T-men had pulled the rug out from under Al Capone and his henchmen. Prohibition had been repealed, and the face of crime was changing. As Hoover described it: "Crime had been speeded up; crime had

taken to the four-lane highway, and to the roar of the aeroplane. . . . Roving bands of plunderers moved swiftly from city to city and state to state, their machine guns clattering death, their affiliations extending from one end of the country to the other."

Crime's pace and scope found local cops tripping over state borders, but the ill wind blew some good—in the FBI's direction. Congress beefed up existing federal laws and wrote new ones, to give the bureau jurisdiction in kidnaping, bank robbery, car theft and other newly beleaguered fields.

G-men donned their snap-brim hats and entered the fray. Rashly, they decided to meet gunfire with gunfire; skirmishes erupted all over the country, creating considerable hazard to innocent bystanders. In the ill-fated raid on the Little Bohemia resort, from which Dillinger and his cronies fled by the rear entrance, two taxpayers were winged by federal guns, and one of them died. And in the confusion of the manhunts the bureau was sometimes outwitted, as when Alvin "Kreepy" Karpis—Public Rat Number One, Hoover called him—evaded an elaborate trap at an Atlantic City hotel by scurrying down a fire escape in his BVDs.

When the gun smoke settled, however, these mishaps had barely dented the FBI shield. The press soft-pedaled them, concentrating instead on the impending triumph of good over evil. With an entire nation watching, flinty-jawed G-men systematically mowed down the Public Enemies one by one. The plot fairly cried for a hero, and as the last lone wolf outlaw's obituary was written, Hoover was cutting quite a public figure. The new celebrity hobnobbed with the famous, disported himself at the Stork Club and signed autographs with Shirley

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Temple. He had become a latter-day St. George—and there would always be a dragon.

But for Hoover the Dragon was never organized crime. As the years rolled by the criminal syndicate grew fatter and fatter, finally eclipsing General Motors as the nation's richest "corporation." (Said racket-smasher Thomas Dewey: "You may definitely assume that crime, too, is incorporated.") Hoover paid little heed, and after a time skeptics began to ask why. In an open letter to Hoover on October 2, 1961, columnist John Crosby spoke out:

Crime in this country has made its most substantial gains in the 36 years you have been head of the FBI. Under your benevolent eye, the crime syndicates are now rolling in wealth and respectability. Gambling, narcotics and industrial rackets are now the biggest businesses in this country, and hoodlum money is now infiltrating all sorts of respectable businesses.

Hoover, accustomed to being handled with kid gloves by the press, angrily labeled the Crosby viewpoint "appalling" and "degrading." As for the issue, he tersely stated that the FBI didn't have "blanket jurisdiction in each and every facet of crime, including narcotics and all phases of organized crime."

Hoover was right, as far as he went. But the bureau has pet crimes—bank robbery, kidnaping, car theft and the like—in which it has chosen to specialize. For the most part, they are amateurish capers that can be wrapped up without much fuss. What is more, local cops, having done most of the work, are often only too glad to turn the costly arrest and prosecution phase over to Uncle Sam.

In the 1930s, bank robbery was the stock in trade of Dillinger types. Now it's a greenhorn's sport. In San Francisco, an 18-year-old bride held up a bank and seven hours later was honeymooning on the beach at Waikiki. In Los Angeles, a grandmother stuck up several banks by brandishing a vial she said contained nitroglycerine. In a San Francisco Mack Sennett comedy, three beer-blurred bums were colared trying to make a getaway in a dilapidated car with the windshield missing.

FBI spokesman Curtis O. Lynum has confirmed this sad metamorphosis, stating: "The robber today is not necessarily a hood-

lum." Kidnapers never were. Abduction for ransom is a foolish game. Smart hoodlums won't touch it, and a line-up of famous shanghaiera would look like a hobos' convention. Bruno Richard Hauptmann was an illiterate carpenter who didn't even know that gold certificates had been recalled. Carl Hall and his paramour, Bonnie Heady, kidnap-slayers of little Bobby Greenlease in Kansas City, were in a continual alcoholic stupor. Angelo LaMarca, killer of infant Peter Weinberger on Long Island, was a penniless lone wolf. So is the still-sought chief suspect in the unsolved 1936 Charles Mattson kidnap-murder. Little can be said for the criminal cunning of the Frank Sinatra, Jr., kidnapers, one of whom got cold feet and turned in the others. Only "Kreepy" Karpis and "Machinegun" Kelly, whose single flings at the sport ended in disaster, had an iota of criminal stature, and they were working thirty years ago. As for car thieves, they tend to be juvenile joy riders rather than hardened thugs.

Once in a while the G-men run up against a tough customer, but for the most part the FBI has made a career out of nabbing the criminal lesser lights. And the problem is not one of jurisdiction. In bank robberies, the bureau takes its authority from a wisp of a technicality: federal money partially insures deposits. The federals plunge into kidnapings on the "rebuttable presumption" that the victim has been taken from one state to another (this rarely turns out to be the case and the matter winds up in a local court). And a youngster with a poor knowledge of geography may drive a stolen car 1 mile and be doggedly pursued by G-men, whereas if he had driven 400 miles in the oppo-

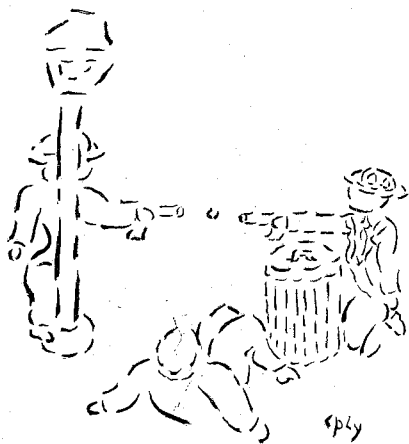
site direction, it would be strictly a local affair.

When the FBI has wanted to get into the act, it has found one excuse or another for doing so. But when the crime doesn't appeal, the bureau suddenly turns legalistic. Civil rights investigations are a good example. As the laws are now written, violence in Mississippi can't lack federal jurisdiction. Yet the same G-men who have been known to stake out a bank for weeks on a tip it might be robbed, haven't to date caught anyone in the act of incinerating a Southern church used as a civil rights meeting place. Why? The FBI stays "within the bounds of its authorized jurisdiction," says Hoover. "We can't wet-nurse everybody who goes down South."

How big a stick could the FBI wield over organized crime? As Hoover stated, the G-men don't have blanket jurisdiction. The dope traffic, a syndicate mainstay, falls under the eye of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, a modest Treasury Department force of 450 (compared to the FBI's nearly 16,000). Led by Dr. Harry Anslinger, whose longevity in office almost matched Hoover's, the T-men have won some major skirmishes during their war on organized crime. One such was the capture of Vito Genovese, reputed evil genius behind the entire Cosa Nostra complex. Cosa Nostra czars came to look upon their do-or-die antagonists with a mixture of hate and respect: referring to "that bastard Anslinger," they decided at Apalachin to phase out narcotics in favor of rackets drawing less "heat."

Nevertheless, the inert FBI has had a legal arsenal bulging with





firepower: interstate transportation of gambling devices, lottery tickets and wagering data, stolen property, white slave traffic, labor racketeering, extortion, hijacking, bribery, fraud by wire, unlawful flight, obstruction of justice, misprision of felony, federal firearms act, and a fistful of others. The hoods obviously had to cross the G-men's sights somewhere along the line. For instance, there's hardly a syndicate "gun" who doesn't have a 2-page rap sheet, and for him just to step across a state border with gun in armpit holster is a federal crime. But the FBI didn't move.

Why not? For one thing, ever since the Dillinger days the FBI has been living the life of a federal fat cat and it didn't want to risk its reputation against the tough organized-crime foe. More than that, I doubt that Hoover has ever really understood the enemy. The hard core of organized crime is the Mafia, now called Cosa Nostra, a terrorist secret society transplanted from Sicily that adopted the trappings of modern America. No outsider can penetrate its inner sanctums. It is so powerful and tightly knit that it could exert a virtual monopoly on illicit enterprises any time it wanted. But to prevent fratricidal gang warfare, it prefers to enter into lucrative alliances with nonmember factions represented by the likes of Meyer Lansky, the late Bugsey Seigel, Joseph "Doc" Stracher and "Dandy Phil" Kastel.

There are two faces to organized crime; Detroit Police Commissioner George C. Edwards described them:

On the legal side, it is involved in selling everything from horse races to fruit juice; on the illegal, everything from dope to football bets. The Mafia men are characterized by the smile, the glad hand, the tuxedo and the ticket to the charity ball. But the basic Mafia

tools are still money, murder and corruption.

Organized crime has been called the Invisible Government because of its influence in political quarters. The 1951 Senate rackets committee claimed that mobster Frank Costello, by giving the word to the right people, could name the leader of Tammany Hall. (A not too far-fetched allegation when it is realized that a chunk of valuable Manhattan real estate is owned by mob fronts.) When "grease" won't work, organized crime gets its way by muscle. For example, when a nightclub owner balks at buying the "right" brands of liquor and supplies, syndicate "torches" burn his place down. And syndicate "guns" enforce internal codes against double-dealing and stepping out of line. In Chicago alone, almost 200 gang-style slayings remain unsolved.

Organized crime is slick, subtle, and difficult to pin down. In 1951, Sen. Estes Kefauver's rackets committee grilled top hoods from coast to coast. Arrogant and cocksure, they regarded the committee with the faint annoyance of a man flicking a fly off his arm. But Kefauver could read between the lines, and had plenty of fill-in testimony from local authorities. As the hearings ended he remarked: "A nation-wide crime syndicate does exist in the United States despite protestations . . . that there is no such combine."

Hoover has sermonized about "vermin in human form spewed forth from prison cells," "scum from the boiling pot of the underworld," and "a criminal horde larger than any of the barbarian hosts that overran Europe and Asia in ancient times." But this colorful rhetoric obviously doesn't refer to Tony Accardo, owner of a twenty-two-room mansion with two bowling alleys, a pipe organ and a black onyx bathtub. Or to Sam Giancana, the dapper spender who frequented Frank Sinatra's plush Nevada resort and squired Phyllis McGuire, of the singing McGuire sisters, around the swankiest spots in the United States and Europe. Or even to Mickey Cohen in his \$275 lounging pajamas. The aging G-man was talking about a conglomeration of panderers, rapists, muggers, stick-up men and heisters that were essentially a problem for the local police.

This myopia rankled the FBI agents. It has always puzzled them that field officials who were bril-

liant at devising schemes for amassing quick statistics went limp when somebody mentioned organized crime. But none of us really blamed them—middle echelon G-men have been exiled to bureau Siberias for falling a conviction or two short in the annual tally.

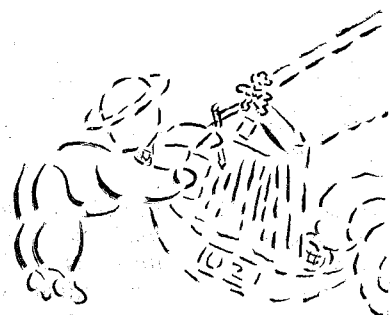
When the FBI brass admitted the existence of the Mafia at all, they saw it in terms of rustics who hadn't gotten the dung off their shoes. A trustworthy Italian informant (this was more than a decade ago) told me that a certain restaurant owner was the Mafia chieftain for the area. "What Mafia?" laughed the criminal supervisor, "put it in G.I.F." (The General Investigative Intelligence File was a no-action catch-all.) This was the attitude that filtered down from above.

Even after Apalachin, the view changed very little. *Time* reporter Sherrell Hillman, assigned to find out if the Mafia was fact or fancy, ended up as perplexed as when he started. The Narcotics Bureau assured him that it was indeed very real; the FBI didn't believe "that a Mafia exists as such."

Nevertheless, Apalachin was a bombshell. The public didn't have to be steeped in criminal lore to realize that Vito Genovese, "Joe Bananas" Bonanno, Joe Profaci (last of the old guard that had attended a 1929 Mafia grand council meeting in Cleveland) and at least sixty others hadn't gathered from all over the country just to grill steaks together. And it began to wonder why it took a lone New York state trooper to find out what was going on.

The FBI was more than slightly embarrassed. Publicly, it maintained characteristic silence. Secretly, however, it undertook what was called the Top Hoodlum Program, a belated effort to bring syndicate bigwigs to justice.

Two years later, in 1959, I was assigned as an inspector's aide to



review the program's results in Los Angeles. I found that agents had installed wire taps and electronic "bugs" on hoodlums and foraged through their refuse for clues. They had also employed the conventional tactics of surveillance, interrogation and plain footwork. A tall stack of intelligence had been culled from the files of the Los Angeles police, who had started their own top hoodlum program seven years previously following the Kefauver hearings. Generally, the agents had done a good job in the short time, but it was apparent that the syndicate couldn't be toppled overnight. Moreover, the FBI's interest, never genuine, was beginning to flag.

The bureau continued to live in the past of Dillinger, Ol' Kreepy and the Osage Indian murders. By 1955, truly significant crime was syndicated. For several years I had been assigned to an office known in the service as a "country club." It was distant from Washington and run in fairly autonomous fashion by a local boss with high political connections. He was able to inflate his agent staff "just in case," and this made work light for everybody. Nevertheless I repeatedly asked for transfer to the metropolitan East where big-league crime flourished. The boss didn't understand. "Why the hell do you want to go back to those teeming cities when you have it so good out here?"

That was the idea—relax and enjoy what you can't change. Only one man called the shots in the FBI, and he didn't take kindly to advice. Gripes about organized crime fell on deaf ears. No one wanted to be accused of having "mental halitosis," which is how Hoover sometimes referred to those with non-conformist notions. Though everyone chuckled at the following anecdote when it made the rounds, they got the message:

Agents cornered a Top Ten fugitive at a New York subway entrance. A brief skirmish ensued. One agent was grazed in the leg by a bullet and taken to the hospital for observation. The report to Washington got slightly garbled. The next morning Hoover appeared as scheduled to deliver a speech to a civic group. "Gentlemen," he began, "I am with you today even though my heart is heavy. . . . Last night in New York one of my agents was killed in a gun battle." The director's words got back to New York agents, who

drew straws to see who would go up to the hospital and finish off the wounded agent.

But as far as the public was concerned the FBI blotter was, as always, filled with big-time criminal names. A publicity gimmick called the Top Ten Fugitives Program maintained the illusion. Two-bit hoods, about as colorful as an army blanket, were arbitrarily designated "The Ten Most Wanted." Most were alcoholic tumbleweeds, tattooed megalomaniacs and kooky criminals. Recent billings: Harold Thomas O'Brien, charged with the barroom slaying of a buddy and described by the FBI as a "quick-tempered, big-talking ex-convict . . . always having one or more guns readily available." Louis Vasselli, said to be "extremely dangerous, especially when he has been drinking, and particularly dangerous to women, most particularly strip teasers." Edward H. Maps, a bearded artist accused of slaying his wife and daughter, called by the FBI "the alleged murderous beatnik." Top Ten? The only one even tentatively linked to organized crime was Fred Tenuto, and he hasn't been found.

Most so-called Top Ten fugitives are wanted for local crimes, often vicious ones. After police have solved the case, they ask the FBI to locate the fleeing suspect under the Fugitive Felon Act. The G-men are indeed the world's best bloodhounds when it comes to tracking down criminals on the lam, yet they are forced to ignore the "mobsters in gray flannel suits" (as Robert Kennedy tagged them) who thrive under their very noses.

The Top Ten Program, despite its publicity value, can't be stretched into a \$150-million-per-year appropriation. When it comes before the Congressional committee that holds the purse strings, the FBI's blandishment is largely statistical: so many fugitives captured, so many convictions, so many cars recovered. . . . The figures, running on and on, are impressive.

But the numbers don't just grow; they are manufactured. If a Congressman stopped to think about it, he might wonder why there is a slight increase in each category year after year. Here's the answer, in an official memorandum from a local FBI boss to all his agents:

The statistical accomplishments as of April 30, 1961, reflect that we

continue to be below the statistical accomplishments for the preceding year in the categories of convictions and fines, savings and recoveries. We have already exceeded our accomplishments in the fugitive category for the entire fiscal year, and in the field of automobiles recovered, we will need five additional recoveries to equal the accomplishments of the preceding year. . . . For your information, for us to equal our accomplishments in the field of convictions, it will be necessary that we report an additional 47 convictions between now and the end of June. (The end of the fiscal year.)

Translated, the memo reads: "Ease off on fugitives. Automobiles should take care of themselves. But for God's sake, go out and get a fistful of quick convictions." This is practically an ultimatum. The local boss is under the gun from Washington, and the agents are rated for their statistical production.

It is natural that under such pressure the scales of justice get out of kilter. It's the little guy, maybe without any criminal bent, who is caught in the dragnet, not the kings of crime with their batteries of lawyers. For example, we once broke up a ring of servicemen stealing small hand tools from military supplies. The ring had a "distributor," a civilian who peddled the tools as legitimate surplus. We arrested the servicemen and the civilian, and I thought that wrapped it up. But it was almost the end of the fiscal year and the office was starving for statistics. Arrest warrants were issued for seven citizens who had bought one or two tools, thinking them clean. The arrests were delayed long enough for forms to be sent to Washington declaring the seven as fugitives. A fugitive is a person whose whereabouts is unknown. Hoover calls them "fleeing criminals." Of course, we knew exactly where our "fugitives" were—they were reputable businessmen and workers who had lived in the community for years.

When the time came to swoop down on these seven, I was put in charge of a squad of agents. We gathered to plan final details of the roundup. One agent, disgusted with the whole thing, wanted to resign on the spot. None of us was very proud; we felt the men were being unjustly stigmatized. They would have an arrest record as FBI fugitives; it would cling to them the rest of their lives and make it tough

to get a decent job. One, I knew, had applied as a deputy sheriff and this would finish him.

Three "beeps"—the bank robbery signal—sounded on the car radios. We hoped it was the real thing; anything for a reprieve from what we didn't want to do. But it was a false alarm, and we had to go ahead with the arrests. Later, when the prosecuting attorney took a long look at the facts, he hit the ceiling and dropped most of the charges. The rest were nullified in court. Secretly, we were glad. But the arrest records would never be erased.

"The Great Brick Caper," as agents sarcastically termed it, was another case of statistical pettifoggery. Residents of a small community had hauled away a few bricks from crumbling wash houses on an abandoned war-housing project. They built themselves patios and barbecue pits. The project was unfenced and unposted and the bricks, in legal parlance, were an attractive nuisance. Nevertheless, theft of government property charges were ordered. One arrested resident complained bitterly, "Why don't you guys go find Tenuto?" We also wondered.

Stolen cars are the FBI's statistical bread and butter. Here is a typical case. An alert deputy sheriff spotted two young couples in a stolen car, arrested them and notified the owner in a nearby state. Because of the interstate angle, the deputy also called the FBI. I went out and tied up a few loose ends, then arranged to process the four through federal court. However, I was reluctant to throw the girls, both juveniles, into jail. I proposed releasing them to their parents. The local boss vetoed the idea. "They won't be there long, and we need the convictions in a hurry." It was April, near the end of the fiscal year.

In addition to the four convictions, the FBI claimed the car's value, even though the deputy had actually made the recovery. It tacked on the usual catch phrase: "Recovered in FBI-investigated case." G-men habitually do this even though they may never lay eyes on the car. It helps Hoover sustain his boast of returning to the taxpayers \$1.37 for each dollar spent.

Hoover has long insisted that almost all crime, including organized crime, is "essentially a local problem." He has said that the only way

to lick it is by "mutual cooperation at all levels of law enforcement—federal, state and local." But the theory is contradicted by the record. According to Hoover (if not to local law officers) there has always been cooperation, yet in the period 1940 to 1960, crime mushroomed some 125 per cent.

Of course, Hoover is almost alone in demoting organized crime to a local problem. Senator Kefauver charged that "much of the responsibility for what is going on rests squarely upon the federal enforcement agencies." And Robert Kennedy flatly declared that hoodlums and racketeers "have become so rich and powerful that they have outgrown local authorities."

Even if organized crime became primarily a federal problem, there would still have to be teamwork all around. But the FBI won't always give as much as it gets. The testimony of state and local officers convinced Kefauver that "the Bureau tends to be overly secretive with information it collects on criminals—in other words, exchange of information with the FBI is something of a 'one-way street.'" Burt Turkus, the Manhattan D.A. who broke up Murder, Inc., said "the bleat of po-

lice departments across the country is that the FBI too ardently guards many of the things it learns on a local level—and which could aid the local officers. . . . This cleavage the mobster always enjoys."

How much mobsters enjoy it was shown in a 1962 Senate rackets probe. A \$10-million-a-year vice syndicate lured unwed mothers into white slave rings and shunted them between mobster-dominated gambling casinos and night clubs in five states. Reputed Chicago syndicate kingpins were named in the operation. It was a white slave racket perfectly designed for FBI jurisdiction, but U.S. prosecutor William J. Scott complained: "The syndicate bosses seem better organized at times than the splintered, sporadic law-enforcement efforts of federal, state and local officials."

From contacts with police over the years I know that they resent the FBI's Big Brother attitude. Most of them keep quiet about it because they depend on the bureau for fingerprint and laboratory services, but a few have spoken out. In the Frank Sinatra, Jr., kidnaping, Los Angeles police chief William Parker accused G-men of causing a potentially explosive situation by being "unneces-



sarily secretive." And when the FBI failed to warn the California Highway Patrol about trigger-happy bank robbers in the Lake Tahoe area, a patrol commander thundered: "How many more times will similar circumstances be repeated to sustain the legend of the FBI with the life of one lone CHP officer hanging in the balance?"

A conspicuous FBI trait is its reluctance to share glory. The attorney general's Special Group, mentioned at the start of this article, found that out in blunt fashion. After Apalachin, Attorney General William Rogers assembled the group from the country's talented prosecuting attorneys. Their mission was to try to determine what had gone wrong with the Cosa Nostra prosecution and to try to spearhead a concerted campaign against the conspirators. The response of most federal agencies was enthusiastic; they gave unstintingly of men and file materials. But Hoover turned a cold shoulder to the Special Group, supplying only token cooperation. A "super-duper Dick Tracy outfit," he snorted.

Surprisingly, the "Dick Tracys" secured convictions of the Apalachin mob in federal court (later reversed on technical grounds). Whereupon the FBI tried to grab the major credit, stating that it had furnished 1,588 pages of report to the prosecution. (It didn't mention that most of these pages were forthcoming only during the trial, when the court ordered them to be produced.) This ruffled the narcotics chief, Dr. Anslinger, whose agents had worked hand in glove with the Special Group. Noting the "other people who are trying to take credit for this since this matter has been brought to the public attention," he recited the names of five agencies he felt did the whole job. Pointedly omitted was the FBI.

Around the water cooler in the FBI, Hoover was viewed, more in awe than admiration, as a bureaucratic Mr. Bigdome who knew how to win friends and influence people on Capitol Hill. Never has his power been displayed more consistently than in the battle over a national commission to crush organized crime. The idea of a rival agency is insufferable to Hoover, and whenever it is proposed he manages to shoot it down.

In 1951, Senator Kefauver en-

thusiastically favored a new agency. He envisioned the national crime commission as being composed of prominent citizens and representatives of the Justice and Treasury Departments. Hoover threw himself in front of it. Mustering his coterie in Congress, he invoked the specter of an incipient Gestapo. This was as silly as describing the Warren Commission as a potential MVD. "There is no connection between a federal crime commission and a national police force," protested Kefauver. "Every Senator I know, myself included, would stand up and fight to the last breath any suggestion that we create anything resembling an American Gestapo." But Kefauver was wasting his breath. Hoover got his way.*

In 1960, Sen. John McClellan, whose rackets committee had listened to the opinions of numerous experts, again proposed a national crime commission. John F. Kennedy, then a Senator, and two of his colleagues agreed. So did a steering committee of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, led by Edward J. Allen, who had compiled a brilliant record in fighting the syndicates of Youngstown, Ohio. So did Milton R. Wessel, a former U.S. prosecutor who had been head of the Special Group. So did Captain James Hamilton, founder of the model Los Angeles police intelligence unit, who stated: "A national clearing house for information about the organized underworld would provide us with a weapon to strike a real blow at this nation's organized criminals. . . . The definite lack has been on a federal level in furnishing local departments information as to the movements of national figures."

Robert Kennedy, at the time counsel to the McClellan committee, anticipated Hoover's objection. The national crime commission, he declared, "would not be a national police, but a national information service for police." This didn't check the G-man. In an address to the law-enforcement clan he scored "outside theorists" and "alleged friends" who

*The National Crime Commission set up by President Johnson is not the sort of body Senator Kefauver had in mind. It is more a study group composed of sociologists, penologists, et al., and is concerned with street crimes and similar problems. Hoover quite approves of it: now he can say that there is a National Crime Commission.

advanced the "grandiose scheme" of a national crime commission. They were, he said, "blinded by the urge of 'empire building.'" "Nothing could be more dangerous to our democratic ideals than the establishment of an all-powerful police agency on the federal scene," cried the all-powerful police chief. The High Priest had spoken; organized crime could again heave a sigh of relief.

When Robert Kennedy became Attorney General in 1961, I took hope. In his book, *The Enemy Within* (Harper), he had stressed: "Our first and most urgent need is for a national crime commission." His brother shared his view, and it appeared that he might at last lay down the law to Hoover. Still in the FBI, I wrote to the Attorney General and to the old campaigner, Estes Kefauver, assuring them that "most agents would prefer to lock horns with organized crime, but are saddled with wrestling minor violations from local authorities for the purposes of statistics gathering." In the end it was not Hoover who capitulated, but Robert Kennedy. He announced lamely that he wasn't "as strong for the idea as in the past." Kefauver told me candidly: "Hoover is more powerful than the President."

However, Robert Kennedy wasn't totally defeated. He took the indirect means of building up what resembles a national crime commission within the Justice Department. This left Hoover in the driver's seat, but the Attorney General's hand was on the throttle. The Organized Crime and Racketeering Section, first set up in 1953 as a result of the Kefauver recommendations, now concentrated on the top echelon. "We would rather jail one important racketeer," said Kennedy, "than a dozen lesser hoodlums."

This newly animated Justice Department activity, though obviously a stopgap until Hoover steps down, for a time seemed to show real promise. "We never had a decent intelligence picture before," said William G. Hundley, head of the section. Now the section holds dossiers on 1,100 of the country's top hoodlums and Hundley boasts mildly: "We're positive now who the real overlords are. We've gotten some of them, but only some." Examples: Tony "Ducks" Corallo in New York, Mike Cuppolla in Miami and Frank "Buster" Workman in St.

Louis. Under indictment are Angelo Bruno, reputed Philadelphia Cosa Nostra chief, and Felix Alderisio, the reported number 2 man in Chicago. In August, 1963, the section presented its first major witness: Joe Valachi, a Cosa Nostra sublieutenant jailed by the Bureau of Narcotics, described in chilling detail the inner workings of Cosa Nostra, the organization that Hoover had always considered a phantom.

To put sharper teeth in Operation Big Squeeze, as the effort was termed, Kennedy urged the House Judiciary Subcommittee to consider supplemental laws. Chairman Emanuel Celler called for the personal appearance of Hoover, for questioning about organized crime. The G-man declined. Celler then

asked Robert Kennedy to try to "change Mr. Hoover's attitude." Hoover would not budge.

But a year later, the aging G-man suddenly bowed to necessity. "The battle is joined," he trumpeted. "We have taken up the gauntlet flung down by organized crime. Let us unite in a devastating assault to annihilate this mortal enemy."

The FBI quickly found that picking up the glove wasn't that easy—the syndicate hoods weren't the Dillinger kind of pigeon. In Chicago, for example, Sam Giancana turned the tables on the G-men in federal court by showing movies of them so close on his heels that he could smell their breath. "An admission of ineptness," admonished the judge. The local FBI boss declined

to explain why he had ordered this harassment, and was clapped into custody for contempt of court.

For Hoover's antique outfit, it looked like a long road. As Richard Ogilvie, the Chicago sheriff, had put it: "Some of Hoover's ideas are sadly behind the times. . . . The FBI is still organized to fight a crime pattern of the 20s and 30s. It is not set up to do battle with the criminal syndicate. . . ." But old G-men never die. At the end of 1964, Hoover reported sixty-five gambling and racketeering convictions. None were at the top level, and they were only a drop in the bucket of 12,850 total convictions; they hardly made a liar of Ogilvie. But it was a step in the right direction. Perhaps in another forty years. . . .

The Klan Discovers HUAC . . . Walter Goodman

Washington

The House Committee on Un-American Activities' Ku Klux Klan hearings opened a day after the start, in Hayneville, Ala., of the second trial of Collie Leroy Wilkins, Jr., for the murder of Mrs. Viola Gregg Liuzzo. This coincidence was unfortunate because it drained the hearing of some of the fun we have come to expect from HUAC's performances. It was delightful to learn that the North Carolina Klan's request for funds (checks to be made out to your local "improvement association" or "sportsmen's club") promises, "Your donation will be used to help make our community a better place to live." But down in Hayneville, an all-white jury was engaged in letting Klansman Wilkins go free.

There was standing room only on opening day in the spacious and ornate House Caucus Room. A dozen uniformed police were on hand, plus two plain-clothesmen who sat glumly beside the K.K.K. witness row, facing the audience—but whether defending them from us or us from them was not clear. Among the hundreds of spectators the first week were America's pre-eminent Nazi, George Lincoln

Rockwell, whom the committee had been authorized to investigate, and America's pre-eminent peace striker Donna Allen, who has already been investigated and who wore a large button announcing that she is not now and never has been a member of HUAC. By the second morning plenty of seats were available and at no time was there any picketing or demonstration. The young protesters who usually enliven HUAC productions had not found it in their hearts to make a fuss over the civil rights of Imperial Wizard Robert M. Shelton.

As the hearings began, the Klansmen, some ten in a row, stood along the back wall, readily recognizable as the bunch from everybody's neighborhood whom nervous mothers warn their sons and daughters to shun, but dressed up now in white shirts and dark suits for the Saturday night dance where they are certain to drink too much beer and cause a disturbance. Wizard Shelton, whose ridged, sucked-in cheeks make him look considerably older than his 36 years, seemed almost attractive in the company of his colleagues.

Four of the five prosecutor-judges seated at the subcommittee table were fellow southerners: Chairman Willis of Louisiana; Representative Pool of Texas; Representative Welton, the Atlanta liberal who first asked for the hearings, and, at the

Republican end of the table, Representative Buchanan, the freshman from Alabama. Representative Ashbrook of Ohio completed the panel.

The notion of many liberals that these men were plotting to turn the K.K.K. hearings into an attack on the civil rights movement was understandable, but misconceived. It did justice neither to the political good sense of the Congressmen nor to their personal attitudes. Far from wishing to defend the K.K.K., the Southerners who dominate HUAC are out to prove that Klansmen are crooks and freaks (Buchanan, in a burst of wit, called Shelton the Imperial Lizard) and have nothing in common with decent citizens of the South—like the members of the White Citizens Councils who sit on juries.

The show had its moments. For those who had always known that the Klan was composed of clowns and clods, it was satisfying to learn that they think of themselves as kligrapps (secretaries), klokards (lecturers) and kludds (chaplains). There was an instant of excitement when Shelton, to the surprise and disappointment of the committee, first took the Fifth. He continued to take it, in a voice that remained remarkably expressive hour after hour, considering the

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message typed on the small rectangle of paper his lawyer had placed before him:

"I respectfully decline to answer that question for the reason that I honestly feel that my answer might tend to incriminate me in violation of my rights guaranteed to me by amendments five, one, four and four-teen of the Yew-nited States of A-mer-ica!"

For a Kluxer to take the Fifth like an ordinary Commy is poetry; for him to take the Fourteenth is epic. Shelton proclaimed the statement; Grand Dragon Jones of North Carolina intoned it; Grand Dragon Kornegay of Virginia recited it. No sooner had the chain-smoking Wizard, impassive in the witness chair, been released than he came to life and talked spiritedly to anyone who would listen about LBJ, Dr. King and the Communist conspiracy.

There was melodrama when Mrs. Shelton and Mrs. Carol Long, Shelton's secretary, were called upon to say whether they had signed checks with the names of nonexistent corporate treasurers. Betty Lou Shelton is a dark-haired, gray-faced, unobtrusive little woman. Plump Carol Long, in the usual style of secretaries set beside wives, made a more colorful appearance and she read off her constitutional prerogatives in a more musical voice. There was nostalgia: In this very room seventeen years ago, committee investigator Donald G. Appell, who is conducting the K.K.K. hearings, participated in the Hiss-Chambers inquiry, with the assistance of a handwriting expert named Schmitz, who now reappeared to affirm with slides that Carol Long was T. M. Montgomery and that Betty Lou Shelton was James H. Hendrix, invisible treasurers of the Invisible Empire.

There were bows. The first day's hearings had hardly ended before Representative Ashbrook was in front of the TV cameras outside the caucus room telling Shelton (who was still inside) that he had been shown up to all America: a non-event of supreme inconsequence. And there were abundant compliments, reminiscent of those grand old comics who never forgot to ask the audience to give a big hand to the boys in the band. The subcommittee members took turns at complimenting the staff. Appell complimented Southern police officers, with the exception of one who gave him the secret K.K.K.



"Pity your missus isn't more sympathetic to our aims, Crabtree."
Punch: Ben Roth Agency

handshake. Pool complimented Willis for his conduct of the hearings and Willis complimented the Klansmen's attorney, Leslie V. Chalmers of Raleigh, N.C., a soft-voiced, baby-faced, apologetic man of evident breeding, for his conduct of the defense; he hadn't behaved like one of those Communist lawyers. Willis also complimented the FBI and the firm that produced the slides showing locations of klaverns. At lunch, staff members congratulated themselves on how well things had gone. It was like first night on the borsch circuit.

While in Hayneville the good name of Collie Leroy Wilkins was being safeguarded by Alabama justice, in Washington the committee was producing evidence that Shelton has been channeling his blood brothers' contributions into a Tuscaloosa account belonging to an invention of his called the Alabama Rescue Service, and then, with the assistance of the signatures of his wife and Mrs. Long, had been taking it out again to buy himself a Cadillac and groceries at his nearby Piggly Wiggly supermarket. He was also alleged to have shaken down a local engineering firm in trouble with the state, and was apparently kicked out of the Alabama Knights of the K.K.K. for withholding dues from the reigning Wizard. As for the Grand Dragons of North Carolina and Virginia, they were

impecunious drifters before their elevation in Wizard Shelton's Klandom, whereupon overnight they became affluent models for aspiring poor white lads all over the South. Dragon Jones even makes a profit on the sale of sheets; the material costs him about \$3.20 and he sells the finished article, with peaked hat, for \$15.

It was also revealed that a lot of crosses have been burned in the past couple of years and that the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan of Mississippi has passed around among its members a memorandum on accredited techniques of good-humored harassment; these include the use of itching powder, tear gas, snakes and lizards and mad dogs. However, individual initiative is also encouraged, and committee sources promise that future testimony in what is expected to be a long series of hearings will bring out details of more violent K.K.K. works than milking the till and infiltrating itching powder.

A Congressional committee investigation of the Ku Klux Klan does not outrage the Constitution. Despite complaints of HUAC's opponents, the Supreme Court has never declared that the production of laws is the sole legitimate excuse for the existence of committees of Congress. If the hearings served no function other than to inform the public about the circumstances that have created and maintained a condition in the South that makes the Liuzzo case possible, that would justify them. Setting aside for the sake of argument the possibility that the political tone in this country would not suffer if HUAC were disbanded tomorrow, the committee's behavior so far has been as decorous and as fair as it can be, given its inherited role and predilections. Investigator Appell, reporting that Shelton got a hardship discharge from the Air Force during the Korean War, noted in an aside: "And this was at a time when a lot of boys were losing their lives. . . ." Whereupon Chairman Willis told him to get along to the next question. It deprives Edwin Willis of no personal credit to observe, however, that his committee is trapped by its own bad habits.

HUAC has since its beginnings more than a quarter century ago been out not to educate (though on occasion it has been more educational than some of us have been

willing to concede), but to hang—to get the bad guys. This vigilante mentality is what now impels it to broadcast revelations of small-time peculations by the kleagles. If the dragons and wizards are bilking their flock, or being careless about their tax returns or burning crosses and setting off fire crackers on people's front lawns, they ought of course to be prosecuted, but HUAC has always had trouble understanding that it is not the function of the Congress to go after private citizens, however detestable, for common misdemeanors. National attention needs to be directed less to the thugs themselves than to the police who will not arrest them, the courts that will not convict them and the officials who will not stand up to them.

Having said this much, however, I confess that it seems to me these hearings may be a heavier blow to the resurgent Klans than anything a more respectable body would have managed. The committee's insistence on asking questions that it knows are not going to be answered, its intrusion into affairs that belong in our lower courts, its reliance on publicity to do the job of punishment, its infatuation with establishing new Fifth-Amendment records—these, alas, are likely to

work down there on the level where the K.K.K. operates most successfully. The North Carolina used-car dealer who, while in the witness chair, startled the committee by resigning as treasurer (klabee) of his klavern (the White County Im-



"How's everything under the hood?"
Renault, Frontier: Ben Roth Agency

provement Association) and turning over a batch of canceled checks, explained that he was disillusioned by the Klan leaders' refusal to testify. "Anyone who takes the Fifth Amendment," he said, speaking now for many onlookers at HUAC's proceed-

ings, "either has something to hide or is a Communist."

Men who can abide a little crowding of a pushy Negro may yet be offended by the idea of a grand dragon gouging lesser knights on the price of a sheet, or using their 50c-a-month Imperial Tax to buy molasses not for the gas tanks of civil rights workers but for his own table. What the Rev. Roy Woodle, former Grand Cludd of North Carolina, didn't like about his chiefs was that they wore diamond rings, traveled first class and employed shills at rallies. He is annoyed that they aren't working harder at preserving segregation in the South.

On the first day of the hearing, a pretty girl passed out a petition from five civil rights organizations, asking the President to appoint a committee to investigate the Klan. But a Presidential commission, though it would undoubtedly have proceeded in a more edifying manner, would certainly have gotten things all wrong; its distinguished members would have been worrying about murder instead of petty larceny. The instinctive gift of the majority of the House Un-American Activities Committee is that when it comes to appealing to respectable whites in Mississippi and Alabama, it knows how to put first things first.

The Student Left

IDEALISM AND ACTION Jack Newfield

We seek the establishment of a democracy of individual participation governed by two central aims: that the individual share in those social decisions determining the direction and quality of his life; that society be organized to encourage independence in men and provide the media for their common participation.

—Founding manifesto of Students for a Democratic Society

During the last month, four developments have helped to inscribe the initials SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) on the consciousness of political America. One was the announcement by Attorney

General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach on October 17 that the Justice Department and the Federal Bureau of Investigation were investigating SDS for its "aiding and abetting of draft evasion." A second was the sudden volley of attacks aimed at the 3-year-old group by Sen. John Stennis of Mississippi, by the SNCC-baiting columnists, Roland Evans and Robert Novack, and by such influential Senators as Dodd and Lausche. The third eye catcher was the fact that twenty-six new SDS chapters sprouted up as soon as the colleges reopened, and that most of these were self-starting groups which merely wrote to the SDS national office in Chicago for membership cards. And the fourth was the estimated 50,000 students across the country who actively

protested on October 15-16 against America's participation in the Vietnam war.

Together these events point to a single conclusion: the New Left is not a Pop culture oddity comparable to goldfish eating or panty raids, but a symptom of deep student alienation from the Great Society. Underground movies, pot-smoking, bohemian dress, idiosyncratic haircuts and Bob Dylan are also symptoms of this alienation, but SDS—and SNCC—are the political forms it takes. And it is now clear that both the right wing and the Johnson Administration recognize the depth and durability of this disaffection, and its potential for future growth to political strength.

SDS was founded at an emo-

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tional convention held in June of 1962 at the AFL-CIO Labor Center at Port Huron, Mich. Fifty-nine people attended, forty-three of them voting delegates. Less than three years after this meager beginning, SDS marshaled 20,000 people for an Easter march on Washington to protest the war in Vietnam.

The main business of the founding convention was the revision and adoption of a 63-page manifesto called the Port Huron Statement. It was drafted by SDS's first president, Tom Hayden, and later became the basic intellectual document of the New Left. The heart of the manifesto was the call for "participatory democracy" in all economic, political and human relationships. It also showed the influence of C. Wright Mills, especially in its affirmation of the student as agent of social change, and in its rejection of ritualistic anti-communism, as "unreasonable paranoia. . . . There should be a way for a person or an organization to oppose communism without contributing to the fear of common association and public actions."

Immediately following the convention, SDS became locked in desperate combat with its parent organization, the ILGWU-dominated League for Industrial Democracy, which refused to recognize any of the decisions made at Port Huron and swiftly changed the lock on the SDS office. The League accused its student affiliate of hiring individuals of pro-Soviet convictions, of distributing "Stalinist literature"; it charged the Port Huron Statement with "popular frontism and fuzziness on authoritarianism."

For a month the infant organization's life was in hazard. However, SDS finally won the right to organizational integrity, largely through the intercession of adults on the LID board such as Norman Thomas, Dr. Harold Taylor and Andrew Norman. Recently Michael Harrington, the new chairman of the somewhat radicalized LID, has apologized to the students for his role in the post-convention struggle. But SDS's difficult birth left its scar, and today Tom Hayden says bitterly: "It taught me Social Democrats aren't radicals and never to trust them again." Quite recently, LID and SDS agreed to an amicable separation.

In the autumn of 1962, when

SDS began to recruit in earnest on college campuses, it had 900 members, and had to compete with a host of other organizations: The Student Peace Union, New University Thought, the Young People's Socialist League, CORE, campus chapters of ADA, and all the Marxist sects. SDS has now emerged from this pack as the strongest group on the New Left.

There are several reasons for this eminence, the most important of which is that it offered a multi-issue approach to politics, unlike CORE and SPU which each concentrated on a single issue. The Port Huron Statement tied civil rights, militarism, poverty, deprivation of civil liberties and university reform into one analysis of the whole fabric of America as a cold-war garrison state.

Other reasons for SDS's growth

were its activism, its freedom from a rigid ideology, its avoidance of sectarianism, its ability to attract adult supporters independent of the LID (among them I. F. Stone and A. J. Muste), its reputation on many campuses as "SNCC's best friend," and the intellectual caliber of many of its leaders.

Now SDS fears it may be growing too fast. "We could have handed out membership cards at the Vietnam march and got 8,000 new members just like that," says 22-year-old National Secretary Paul Booth, "but we wouldn't have known what to do with them, except to impress people with our membership of 10,000."

The organization's current accounting of 3,300 members in 100 chapters in forty-one states is, therefore, not an accurate index of its real strength on the nation's

Movement

After speaking on Vietnam in Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri

Once at night driving over the mountains
impatient, I smoked a lot

The matches I struck many miles apart
each ignited a world
each almost blinding
yes, each blowing out but etching a glory deep
The road rolled under my wheels with the gray trees
my eyes tired, tired but hunting
and my lungs were full

People said they liked my speeches
I was proud and nauseated
If I witnessed a bloody accident across the street
my very moving chronicle would hold an audience too

I traveled bearing messages of bravado and fear
on a careening death-bed exchanging diagnoses
but someone I'd never met called me his friend

We talk a lot about cutting through
it is good to talk about learning
not to talk

There are a few or more
who sing
somber, ironic, false-heroic ballads
with open ears impiously,
becoming true-heroic

Christ who would have believed the country could be so big?
Sniff the perfumed must as in a great closet
a glass chandelier hanging, banging from the expiring breath of
the numberless
rattle the door but don't bother waiting
it locks from inside

Tonight the radio speaks of Nationwide Demonstrations
All my friends are desperate
We go on making plans

Todd Gulin

campuses. Members of the New Left are, by instinct, not joiners, and for every registered SDS student, there are perhaps five others who participate in its activities.

The diversity within SDS is staggering. There are high school students, college students, college dropouts, beatniks, hipsters, graduate students, teaching assistants and faculty in the organization. There are liberals, rebels and revolutionaries; community organizers and university scholars; campus chapters and ghetto projects.

The overwhelming majority of members are white, middle class and concentrated on urban campuses like the Universities of Chicago, Michigan, California and Texas, as well as Swarthmore, Harvard and Oberlin.

Few of the members appear to be ideologues of the sort who inhabit the W.E.B. Du Bois Clubs, or zealots like the Progressive Labor Party rank and file. Instead they seem to be genuinely idealistic, but can perceive no outlet for idealism in a Great Society where the Civil Rights Act is enforced by segregationist judges, wars on poverty are waged by clubhouse politicians and "freedom" is exported by napalm.

The cultural heroes of the SDS members are not specifically political types, but rather utopian moralists like Camus and Paul Goodman; or alienated absurdists like Bob Dylan and Ken Kesey; and for the hip fringe, sexual explorers like Norman O. Brown, Allen Ginsberg and Lenny Bruce. They are idealists in search of an ideal. Politically, SDS shares many assumptions with SNCC—that the liberal institutions are impotent and finky, that social change will come only when the unemployed and desperately poor are organized into an insurgent movement under their own leaders, who won't "sell them out." Both groups have a strong streak of anarchism that makes them skeptical of all centralized authority, all bureaucracy and sometimes even of voting and programs. Both are strongly oriented toward grass-roots democracy, and ethical and moral absolutism, refuse to exclude Communists from membership, and take a radically critical position toward the American Establishment. Both groups to a degree wear the blinders of their preoccupations; as the SNCC work-

er thinks all of America is like Mississippi, SDS members believe America treats all countries as it treats Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. Both are activist; SDS, has organized projects in ten Northern ghettos under its Economic Research and Education Project (EARP), including three that are trying to build a radical movement among poor whites.

But SDS differs from SNCC in several crucial ways. First, while it shares some of SNCC's populist anti-intellectualism, it contains an extraordinary group of gifted intellectuals, now centered in Chicago.



This group includes students who were instrumental in founding the organization in 1962, and who are now university instructors like Dick Flacks, graduate students like Bob Ross, full-time staff members like Paul Booth and Todd Gitlin, or otherwise academically connected.

SDS has no one leader, nor even a cadre of ten who can be identified as the leadership. But as a result of a National Council meeting held in Bloomington, Ind., in September, the center of gravity in the organization has shifted toward these older intellectuals, after a long period when the EARP activists and the anarchist-hipsters set the tone. Prodded by this older group at the Bloomington meeting, SDS will hold

an unprecedented membership conference at Christmas, "to look at ourselves intellectually and organizationally."

A second way in which SDS differs from SNCC is that it has campus chapters—by now more than 100—and these provide enormous organizational problems because of the great differences among them. Those members on small, rural campuses in Kansas and Oklahoma are only vaguely liberal and probably unable to distinguish between a Spartacist and a narcissist. On these campuses the students are more concerned with liberalizing dress regulations than with burning up their draft cards. But on large urban campuses—the University of Chicago, Berkeley or City College—SDS members are super-militant, distrust liberals and are ready to do anything to protest the war in Vietnam. The exercise now confronting SDS is at the same time to educate the freshmen politically at Kalamazoo and Piedmont, while retooling intellectually, while not appearing less militant than "the Trots" at Berkeley, while absorbing new memberships at the rate of 200 a week.

The EARP section of SDS began in 1963 with a grant of \$3,000 from the United Auto Workers Union. Today there are ten community-organizing projects—in Baltimore, Newark, Oakland, Chicago, Cleveland, Cambridge, Cairo, New Haven, Chester and Appalachia. There has been uneven success—from Cairo, which is struggling to survive, to Newark, which has won several major concessions from the city (among them the de-activation of an urban-renewal plan that would have uprooted thousands from their homes) and has been able to add fifteen local Negroes to its organizing staff.

All the projects are based on the same organizing principle. The students move into a community, ask the poor what they want done, and then find indigenous leaders to help build a movement based on the goals of the community. SDS community organizers lack the toughness and discipline of an old CIO organizer. They seem more in the tradition of the anarchist Basque priests or the mystical Russian "narodniks." Many seem more interested in redemption of the poor than in revolution. Nevertheless, they have been called Com-

munists in most cities and arrested in Newark and Chicago on charges that later were dropped for insufficient evidence.

Their injection of participatory democracy into the ghetto can both inspire and irritate the onlooker. The non-leadership technique does give local people a chance to speak, to make decisions, to gain confidence and ultimately to lead, and it is a moving experience to watch an unknown Northern equivalent of Fannie Lou Hamer going through this process under the guidance of an EARP worker. But occasionally, in large meetings, or under the pressure of crisis decisions, participatory democracy breaks down into filibustering anarchy. SDS has tried to make it almost a substitute for a program, and that is a mistake. Participatory democracy is a brilliant, therapeutic organizing technique, especially in the rural South, but its validity as an ideological bulwark is dubious.

The ghetto projects, as their chief architect Tom Hayden says, can be judged only in terms of years. Right now they have not produced the goal of an "interracial movement of the poor," since 2,000 or 3,000 people in ten cities is not a movement. But EARP is the beginning of a long experiment, and Newark is a significant achievement.

With SDS now under attack from the President, the Justice Department, and even from enlightened Senators like Proxmire and Mansfield, it becomes necessary to examine the organization's attitude toward communism. First, on civil libertarian grounds, SDS does not exclude anyone from membership. It believes the sectarian Communist-anti-Communist debate to be futile and destructive. It believes in openness and honesty (and, in fact, it would be difficult for any bloc to take over so decentralized an organization). Largely due to SDS's stand against exclusionism, adult voluntary organizations like the ACLU and several peace groups are beginning to reconsider their own denial of membership to Communists. The theoretical formulation SDS has come up with to describe itself is "a-Communist."

Second, in private conversation, SDS activists are more hostile to Communists than they are organizationally. Berkeley SDSers report



Schwerling

"the Communist kids were a cautious, conservative influence in the FSM. They were all hung up on the mainstream and respectability. They kept blunting the moral point."

One of the leaders of SDS estimated: "Very few of our members look to any country like Russia or China as examples of the good society. Just about all of us think someone like Nkrumah is awful. Although there is probably a good deal of romantic feeling for the Cong in SDS, very little of it is political." And former SDS President Al Haber, chief initiator of the December conference, is insisting that the organization define more clearly its differences with student groups to its left.

In general, SDS still believes what it said in its founding manifesto: redbaiting and exclusionism have no place on the Left. But the organization is so confident of its own democratic values that it believes itself patently unattractive to the authoritarianism, elitism and manipulation of the Communist groups.

The leadership of SDS now expects prosecutions and jailings, "mostly of poor shnooks who burn draft cards, but if they can get any of the leadership, they will." The penalty for "aiding, abetting or counseling" draft evasion is five years in jail and a \$10,000 fine. Harassment has begun. Last month,

two SDS leaders, former president Todd Gitlin and current vice president Jeff Shero, were picked up by Chicago police for minor traffic violations and had to be bailed out. "They're really following us, day and night, now," says National Secretary Paul Booth.

SDS, however, will respond to the coming attacks in the established style of the New Left: with increased activism. The organization will pay little attention to redbaiting, and instead will devote more energy to campaigning against the Vietnam war, especially in its slum projects, in high schools, and among university faculty.

"There is incredible moral opposition to the war on the campuses," says Booth, "and it is all coming to us; we weren't making opposition to the war an organizational priority. But now we will."

The New Left, still in its infancy, consists of perhaps 150,000 young people, out of 5.2 million in college. Right now SDS is a scrawny finger pointing relentlessly at what is wrong with America. But some day that finger may clench into a fist and begin hammering for real political power—as the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party has done.

That is, if the Establishment doesn't cut that finger off now, and if the liberals don't abandon it because there may be dirt under the nail.

The New Gentility

BEYOND CULTURE: Essays on Learning and Literature. By Lionel Trilling. The Viking Press. 233 pp. \$5.

THE MYTH AND THE POWER-HOUSE. By Philip Rahv. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 243 pp. \$4.95.

Frederick J. Hoffman

I remember once having dinner with a critic who had published several works, though he had not as yet written one. His major concern was to defend the writing of essays as against the performance of the sustained work. Use your occasional work, he said, and bring it together under a catchy thematic title, and you have it. Well, I must say that we have had it in the last ten years. Books put together from occasional pieces have appeared with such regularity that they create the issue of evaluating an entirely new genre. The titles are frequently pretentious and are only indifferently related to whatever continuity may be found between the covers.

My issue is not with journalism as such, but rather with the necessity to differentiate between a sustained piece of work, which has been planned, "researched," written, and rewritten over a number of years, as opposed to a collection of odds and ends, which have only a strong or a weak sustaining theme, which is in no case to be considered the end result of a formal or an "architectural" necessity. The two types must be distinguished from each other. Given similar intelligences, the gathering of fugitives has less intensity and less sense of continuity; that is to say, the continuity (or "theme") is accidental within or imposed upon the book.

As I have elsewhere said, the presence of these volumes gives the impression that much sound work is being done in modern literature, while these books (*Doings and Undoings*, *Waiting for the End*, *A Piece of Lettuce*, *The Age of Happy Prob-*

lems, *Puzzles and Epiphanies*, etc., etc.) are definitely not that, but rather gatherings, more or less carefully chosen, some of them not edited at all from their original appearances. It is true that some of our greatest prose works, like Emerson's, have appeared mainly in essay form, but Emerson made an art of the genre, cultivated each example of it with the utmost care, and concluded each time with a book that was thematically sound and clear.

It has occurred to me that many examples of the fugitive collection have emerged from what is a journalistic fixation, in which the major concern is to keep one's remarks within bounds, because it is expensive to print too many words. Then too, it is a matter of assignment and commitment. Many assignments can only lead to a fragmenting of the critical sense, and to at best a desperate attempt to extend meaning from essay to essay.

The two volumes under consideration here are more or less examples of the weaknesses (or the effrontery) of the practice. Both are written by people who have been excellent critics and are again occasionally extremely worthy. Both have a theme that can rarely be said to be metaphorically suitable to any total conception of one achievement. And, I may add, both books are disappointments not because they are not good (they are, each of them, valuable), but because of what they failed to do, what they settled for *not* doing. Rahv's title suggests, in his rejection of both its terms, a strong moral view of literature. It applies to only a few of the essays explicitly, and to some others implicitly. We already know Rahv for his *Image and Idea* (1949) and for his editing and reviewing in various places. That he can be a first-rate critic is demonstrated by the two essays on Dostoevsky, both of them marvels of close reading, philosophical inference and useful knowledge. But Rahv's principal thesis, that modern critics are allowing us to be self-indulgent by substituting myth for a genuine "orthodoxy" is, at best, presented here too late to be relevant. And here is another of the faults of the *omnium-gatherum*: a reviewer's

ideas are in danger of being out of date, or at least only minimally useful, by the time they are "honored" by publication in a hard-cover book, with all the promotional energy and to-do that that event suggests.

Both Rahv and Trilling are indisposed toward *contemporary* literature, as distinguished from "modern" literature, which Trilling says begins in the 18th century. (I might add that both make exceptions of Saul Bellow.) Rahv's review of Norman Mailer's *American Dream* (the entire section called "Critical Sketches" raises some doubts in my mind as to the value of its being reprinted) suggests that Mailer's personal mythicizing is especially objectionable not only because it presents no moral weights or measures but that it even seems to sponsor the idea that murder is useful therapeutically.

We have, I think, arrived at a new form of gentility. Both Rahv and Trilling would rather be critics of 19th-century literature than of 20th. Of course, Trilling's book is by far the more difficult to tolerate, because it is by all odds the more exquisitely written. We are aware of Trilling as a gracious man, who had at one time written with a sharp but useful wit about Parrington and Dreiser, had (in *The Liberal Imagination*, 1950) made important statements about Sherwood Anderson and *The Great Gatsby*; and while we knew he had begun as an Arnoldian, we assumed his turn toward 20th-century literature was genuinely motivated and truly governed by an advocacy of its values.

The new book, which is in almost all respects superior to Rahv's in the simple matters that give quality to an intelligence, is however in other respects a lesser book. For, while Rahv is genuinely willing to "face" modern literature, to accept an "engagement" with it, Trilling has chosen to abdicate his responsibility for teaching it. He does so on grounds that seem at first to be an epitome of good taste; but ultimately, looking at his book in its entirety, we must conclude that he does not really wish to acknowledge contemporary literature as such, to become engaged as a teacher of it. I do of course recognize that his denial of it comes from the most delicate of discretions; if

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we include the contributions of modern Europe, he says, no literature is either as exciting or as great as is modern. But it is a "dangerous" literature to teach, because it too quickly and suddenly engages the youth; no literature, he says "has ever been so shockingly personal. . . ."

This is the vital issue, then. That Trilling should have come to his decision in 1961 gives one a double twist of the knife, because (as he says in his first essay) it was he who set things going at Columbia, when the students had put pressure upon the college to teach a course in modern literature. But he had always been ill at ease over the commitment, and became more so as his audience grew younger and he older.

But of course, it isn't a matter of the increasing difference in age between teacher and student. It has to do with two definitions of a culture, that of a *total* culture—to which manners and technology and beliefs integrally belong—and a culture in the narrower sense, in which the arts themselves dominate. One of the persistent and primary ideas in Western civilization is that the arts can somehow "liberate" man from the culture he is located in or trapped in. Presumably since World War II, there are "a great many more people who adopt the adversary program than there formerly were." An "adversary program" is nothing more nor less than the either noble or unwashed marginal culture, frequently concentrating upon the arts, which strikes at the conservative heart of social life. This is perhaps not a surprising fact, but it is surprising that Trilling dislikes it and may even be said to be afraid of it.

Time and time again, I find him "regretting" the students' spontaneous interest in contemporary literature, in *their* literature, and wishing they could look more objectively at a literature older than they are, fearful of the ultimate commitment a teacher of modern literature must have. At times it appears that the trouble is that it causes a "personal discomfort" to say what he really feels about D. H. Lawrence and André Gide and the rest. It is truly extraordinary to me that we can, as he says, restore the "freshness" to the work of the past (What is "freshness," if it is not vigor, vitality, contemporaneity?), but are subject to the utmost peril in communicating ourselves with respect to 20th-century

literature. But, of course, it is because the basic terms on which contemporary literature is regarded are so deeply personal that it is difficult for Trilling to contemplate a commitment to them without annoyance.

He gives himself away again and again. Speaking of Keats's remarks about pleasure in that remarkable essay, "The Fate of Pleasure," he says that the *quality* of Keats's words was best to be seen when his affirmation of pleasure (erotic pleasure is of course meant throughout) is met "by his skepticism about pleasure." That is, an interest in pleasure is too simplistic; an *unlust* cannot be tolerated;

but, if you are both interested in pleasure and doubtful of its ultimate value you have reached some point of intellectual balance (*sophistication* is not the word; it would be most *unsophisticated* to use it). There is an amusing footnote in the essay, in which Trilling suggests that Joyce's Molly Brown and Yeats's Maude Gonne (the one fictional, the other real) are "perhaps the last women in literature to be represented as having a transcendent and on the whole beneficent significance. . . ." And, in his essay on Jane Austen's *Emma*, he warns us not to accept the extravagant notion of a "Jane Austen's

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England," because the actual England was quite different indeed; yet, he says, we may pardon those who do make the mistake; it is a desirable mistake to make.

In many ways, Trilling's major point may be said to be that a culture to which we may commit ourselves, which has an order and a conception of manners—in short, a *rationale*—is a *sine qua non*, and that it is the task of education at least to put the possibility of one within reach of the students' minds. But he is equally engaged by the notion of what he calls our "adversary culture." What he apparently cannot stand, or understand, is that it is possible (perhaps even necessary) to know the irrational components of our culture without giving in to them; he has gone too far in assuming that the teacher's rostrum might lead to direct action, to the stoning of embassies and the burning of libraries, unless indeed the dignities are preserved and the Austen "idyll" is at least within the reach of the imagination.

I am, of course, also a teacher of modern literature, and I happen to believe that it can and should be

taught. But I do not believe it should be taught in such a manner as Trilling seems to think it would be taught, were it but taught well. It is quite possible to teach *Naked Lunch* and *Corydon* and *Death in Venice*—that is, to communicate with students with respect to them, beyond the merely "new critical" technicalities, without being "tainted" by whatever infections they may contain. In the same line of thinking, the fullest significance of our great classics is just as explosive, if indeed not more so, and the fullest communication of their explosive nature is our privilege and our duty. To communicate the great human and social significance of our literature is a serious, a necessary, and a possible circumstance. Neither our privilege nor our obligations in this respect are limited by a matter of past or present. Trilling too often appears to want to save himself not from the obligations but from the ultimate commitment which the humanistic engagement involves. His position has become all too similar to the ones taken by persons in the academe who feel that an emotion, because it is strong, must therefore be crude, and cannot therefore be tolerated.

The stupendous transformation came while he was serving a ten-year sentence for armed robbery in Massachusetts. He had become the prototype of the hustler, by his own definition: "The hustler out there in the ghetto jungle has less respect for the white power structure than any other Negro in America. He is internally restrained by nothing. To survive he is out there constantly preying on others, probing for any human weakness like a ferret . . . forever frustrated, restless and anxious for some action. Whatever he undertakes, he commits himself to it fully, absolutely."

A man who calls himself Elijah Muhammad knew how to get through to the Malcolms, the hustlers, the wretched of the earth. He is the leader of an indigenous Muslim group. He has a touch of genius. He knows, like Luther before him, how to look in the mud for the fallen and redeem them. He wrote to every Negro he knew of in prison, sent each a little money and a lot of message. His contact with Malcolm brought that unregenerate hustler to an instantaneous conversion equal to those described in the pages of William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*. James would have understood Mr. Muhammad better than his critics: James always argued that the significance of a belief should not be judged by its source, but its fruits. Regardless of Elijah Muhammad's historical and theological eccentricities—all religions have their absurdities—he has transformed many of the worst of men into some of the best.

Malcolm began to write to Mr. Muhammad every day. He had to study so he would have something to say to him. He had to study because he had virtually forgotten how to write. In the prison library there happened to be a rare collection of old anti-slavery tracts. Malcolm there honed his new revolutionary edge on the abrasive rhetoric of the great abolitionists, on Garrison and Phillips whose volcanic eruptions on the shame and guilt of the slaveholder, and a nation that suffered them to live, have never been equaled. This became his basic vocabulary of assault.

When he was released he had impacted in him two explosive elements; the "blessed assurance" of the converted man; and a place in a community which was believed to be

Delinquent's Progress

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X. With the assistance of Alex Haley. Introduction by M. S. Handler. Grove Press. 455 pp. \$7.50.

Truman Nelson

This is the story of a man struck down on his way to becoming a revolutionary and a liberator of his people. It is the real American tragedy: a fall from great heights of promise, not from inner weakness or self-betrayal, but because assassins stood up in plain sight, like a firing squad, and put thirteen shotgun slugs into his chest and bullets in his legs and thighs as he lay dying.

Malcolm had known the white man's violence from infancy. Five of his father's six brothers died by violence; one was lynched, another killed by white police. His father, very strong, very black, a gun-carrying Baptist minister and a Garveyite or-

ganizer, was killed by having his head bashed in and he then was laid on a car track to be cut in half. The white insurance company called it suicide. When Malcolm, his father's seventh child, died in Harlem on February 21, 1965, he was accused by the white press of having "initiated violence."

His mother was nearly white, looked white, but she could not keep a job when any of her black children showed up, or her small-town employers found out whose widow she was. Keeping food on the table and some dignity around it for a family of eight was an insoluble problem in the 1930s. It drove her into insanity. The family was broken up, and Malcolm began a delinquent's progress through the ghettos of Boston and New York, with conked red hair, a sky-blue zoot suit and orange knob-toed shoes, all so grotesque on his 6-foot-5 gangling frame that he would stop traffic crossing the street. He became a hustler, a pimp, a narcotics addict and peddler, a petty thief and armed robber.

Truman Nelson is the author of *The Surveyor, a life of John Brown (Doubleday)*.

destined to redeem an oppressed people. In three magnificent chapters titled "Saved," "Savior" and "Minister Malcolm X," the making of a new Malcolm is revealed. (The reader must put aside any prejudice he may have about a book "as told to" someone. You can hear and feel Malcolm in this book; it is a superb job of transcription. (The tapes seem to run onto the paper with the clacking efficiency of a wire-service machine.) Malcolm was saved because Mr. Muhammad convinced him that no Negro has to fear the intellectual power of any man who tries to defend or justify what has been done to the black man by the white man in this country: saved because he was taught that he had sinned and fallen in a world he had not made, and had no power to shape or correct in any way whatsoever.

So Malcolm went from the anonymous brutality of prison life to his brother's Muslim household in Detroit, with its beautiful disciplines and dignities: where the father is the first to rise in the morning and prepare the way for the family to live out their day in cleanliness, order and love, and with passionate loyalty toward one another. He began to function in the Detroit ghetto as a missionary. His message was simple but overpowering: "The Honorable Elijah Muhammad teaches us that since Western society is deteriorating, it has become overrun with immorality and God is going to judge it, and destroy it. And the only way the black people, caught up in this society, can be saved is not to integrate into a corruption, but to separate from it, to a land of their own where we can reform ourselves, lift up our moral standards and try to be godly."

Mr. Muhammad was reviving *revolutionary separatism*, which he believes to be the only way a persecuted minority can liberate themselves. Along with it, Mr. Muhammad had to write his new testament. A people who have had their history stolen from them usually embrace an apocryphal one until they are strong enough to wrest the truth from its suppressors. And to achieve this strength they have to be made to believe, somehow, that they are "the chosen people of God." The more one questions Mr. Muhammad's "history," the more one is forced to admit Malcolm's genius in defending it and building on it a movement of such *regenerating dynamism*.

Fishing for men in the ghettos of Detroit, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, Malcolm changed a little store-front cult into a powerful religion with more than a hundred places of worship spread over the fifty states. Mr. Muhammad was the Messenger; he gave him the word, but Malcolm was pre-eminent-ly the Missionary. He knew the streets as a hustler does, how to work the shifting, indeterminate fringes of public Black Nationalist or civil rights gatherings. He caught the people coming out, with unanswered questions, demands, yearnings from the Christian churches. The Muslims grew from 400 to 40,000.

Their suddenly visible strength attracted the white mass media, looking for new sensations to merchandise. A nation-wide TV program called *The Hate That Hate Produced* started a reaction that began to portray the Muslims as a potential source of violence, the shock troops of black racism. Malcolm, rushing to their defense, became disastrously diverted from the necessary organizing of his own people. He became a victim of the great American "image" psychosis. He began to "hustle" again, but this time among the whites. He thought he was "explaining and defending the Honorable Elijah Muhammad," but he was only playing the oppressor's game, on battlefields they were choosing. With his consciousness that their history, their humanities, their constitutions and churches were all part of an ideology of lies, easily exposed when examined in practice, he won Pyrrhic victories before microphones, TV cameras and forums, but this had very little to do with building a liberation force among his own people: The expanding nation of Islam, the only genuine movement of, by and for the black people since the deportation of Marcus Garvey, came to a halt. The Muslim ministers, including Mr. Muhammad, were too busy explaining themselves to people who didn't give a damn about them, but only wanted to assess how deeply they should be feared.

Doubts began to creep into Malcolm's own mind. He heard that Mr. Muhammad was beginning to disapprove of his many public appearances before whites. He thought it was jealousy. The outside pressure upon the Muslim movement, the mixed adulation and horror, began to disintegrate it. For his statement on Kennedy's assassination, Malcolm was

silenced, then expelled. Again there were the white reporters at his elbow, urging him, daring him to talk, explain, justify! Malcolm never lost his real power of presence and personality; but, expelled from the Muslims, he lost his base. Mr. Muhammad taunted him brilliantly: "Who is Malcolm leading? Who is he teaching? He has no truth. I am not going to let the crackpots destroy the good things Allah sent to you and me."

Malcolm became convinced that the Muslims were going to kill him. He felt he had to raise a counter force strong enough to protect himself. He tried to recruit in Harlem among this potential of a million followers. But again he was drawn off into a tragic diversion: a pilgrimage to Mecca to prove that he, not Elijah Muhammad, was the real Muslim. This had no relevance to the streets of Harlem. There, they thought he was running away. Malcolm was not aware of the disintegration that had taken place in him after his god had cast him out. He was so dynamic that fragments of him seemed more powerful than the whole. In fact, he



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was like some exploding piece of fireworks, with its fiery particles dying in the sky.

He was talking integration now, under the banner of the True Islam. Whites again took up his time with interminable discussions of religious and ethical abstractions. And always he felt stalked by killers hired by his chosen father on earth and his own beloved brothers and sisters.

The complexities of his situation were unbearable. He would have had to leave Muhammad anyway; he had outgrown him. He had internationalized himself. Always he traveled, back and forth across the continent, abroad for eighteen weeks again, and then back to Harlem for some pathetic efforts at organizing by a handful of his faithful. And to write this marvelous book that is not a book but a man, a tragic, agonizing, palpable man.

He ended it in a chapter called "1965." It is unresolved. He is admitting he needs much more time to reflect, to clarify . . . if he could only study, rest a while from this interminable explaining, this mania for justification. He knew he had not gathered an adequate protective force. Almost, the last sentence of the book is: ". . . societies often have killed the people who have helped change them."

But the great revelation comes in the Epilogue by his perceptive and enormously skillful amanuensis, Alex Haley. Malcolm was invited to speak in France by a group of African students. He had been talking, in late '64, of the great power of the black and yellow races when seen internationally. I heard him in Harlem, on a platform with Babu, the Zanzibar revolutionary, say the problem is now simply the oppressed against the oppressor. He had begun to renew himself; and his regenerated purpose began to take form, a political form. He was talking now like a member of a revolutionary majority. When he arrived in France, the government banned him as "an undesirable person." He was wrathful and puzzled when he came back to New York.

On Saturday, February 20, he made a most significant phone call to Alex Haley. "I'm going to tell you something, brother. The more I think about what is happening lately, I'm not at all sure it's the Muslims. I know what they can do and what they can't do, and they can't do some of the stuff that's happening to me lately. The more I think of what hap-

pened to me in France, I think I'm going to quit saying it's the Muslims. . . . I'm glad that I've been the first to establish official ties between Afro-Americans and our blood brothers in Africa." Then he hung up.

Twenty-four hours later, in the dressing room of the Audubon Ballroom, he said he was going to announce that he had been too hasty in accusing the Muslims because, "things are happening that are bigger than they can do . . . in fact, I'm going to ease some of this tension by telling the black man not to fight himself . . . that it's all part of the white man's big maneuver, to keep

us fighting against ourselves." But before he could get this noble resolve on the record, the executioners rose in the first row and the sentence was carried out.

Viewed in its complete historical context, this is indeed a great book. Its dead-level honesty, its passion, its exalted purpose, even its manifold unsolved ambiguities will make it stand as a monument to the most painful of truths: that this country, this people, this Western world has practiced unspeakable cruelty against a race, an individual, who might have made its fraudulent humanism a reality.

Berkeley: Free Speech and Free Verse

Donald Wesling

The crackle of the P. A. system carrying for blocks as a few hundred people stand outside Sproul Hall at noon being addressed by witty Free Speech Movement leaders on the state of California's revenge at the "trespassing" trial; a couple in the library, their feet blackened by barefoot walking, she takes a rubber stamp from the reserve desk, sits on the floor and stamps **HOLD** on her ankles and calves; in a lecture Allen Ginsberg describing how he was deported from Havana for advocating pot and pederasty, later elected King of the May by the students of Prague, before he was expelled by their government; Charles Olson stripping off his jacket while lecturing, chain-smoking, confessing he has been visited by spirits. At Berkeley, such observations explode the accepted notions of campus life; they contradict Hearsy's dominating clock tower with its evening carillon, the artificial brook and wooden bridges, frat boys and coeds on the trimmed lawns, the vaulted reading room of a great library, the radiation lab on the heights clicking and shining all night. Perhaps from such observations and the political realities they imply there will emerge a new form of college myth, an uncritical romanticizing of the New Left which this brief report does not entirely avoid.

For now, at this volatile university, the issues of freedom and authority are clearer because of the hardening, the exaggeration, of both sides in the free-speech debate. On a first visit

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of only a few days, I saw at Berkeley more of the university as critic and corrector of "outside" society than I had seen over a period of years at private universities in the East. And having gone to hear the second week of readings and lectures in the Berkeley Poetry Conference, I was unexpectedly and deeply impressed by the seemingly programmatic congruence of free speech with free verse as written by such men as Olson, Ginsberg, Robert Duncan, Edward Dorn and Robert Creeley. Most of these poets are half reluctantly becoming political rhetoricians and prophets, developing an epic sense of the debasement of American language and landscape. Certainly the Berkeley student audience received them as genuine experimenters, even heroes, because in lives and poems where every successive moment is conceived as polemical they were making authentic—and thus, in the best sense, unconventional—choices.

Ending his introduction to Ginsberg's massive reading, Professor of English Thomas Parkinson said that it didn't bother him a bit, he was glad to know Allen as a friend. The defensiveness of that, the forced colloquialism of the whole introduction, were clear symptoms of the difficult position of liberal faculty members at Berkeley. Free speech for students, poets, and themselves as teachers is an ideal most Berkeley professors would defend. Nevertheless the faculty wants settled conditions for the processes of teaching and research, and often enough, wrongly or not, it identifies the privilege to do these things with the alleged right of the university to

be a contemplative retreat from society. So faculty members, especially the majority who are essentially liberals and agree that last year's administrative fiats were grievous mistakes, are in a cross fire between the conservative authorities who are their bosses and colleagues, and the persuasive student activists who want direct engagement in civil rights and international politics.

In their readings and lectures at the conference many poets also showed themselves obsessed by large social themes, moving in mid-career from aesthetics and epistemology toward an idiosyncratic politics as did their masters Pound and William Carlos Williams. The poets of this Whitmanic tradition—surely the most coherent and promising group now writing in the United States—are, like Berkeley students, testing the limits of freedom, looking outside existing social reference, outside existing meters. "Limits/are what any of us/are inside of" is the text from Olson's *Maximus Poems* most often quoted by the others. Brilliantly, but with baffling disconnection, Olson in his own lecture spoke of the besmirching of "the world" by relentless historical forces and "neo-capitalism." This is his theme in the *Maximus* letter on a Star Nosed Mole "magnetized" by the highway:

like the prettiest thing in the
world
drilling
itself into the
pavement. . . .
the loveliest animal I believe I ever
did see
in such a quandary. . . .

In such lovely particulars Olson finds examples of the poet's futility; that is why he describes removing the mole to the grass with "an oar out of the back seat of the station wagon":

and off the marshes
of Walker's Creek fall
graduatedly so softly to
the Creek and the Creek to
Ipswich Bay an arm
of the Atlantic Ocean
send the Star Nosed Mole
all into the grass
all away from the dizzying
highway if that was what was wrong
with the little thing, spinning
in the middle of the
highway

To Olson the place—Gloucester, Buffalo, anywhere in the States—is still heartbreakingly there in its linea-

ments, still with the original untarnished name, but its lovely rudeness neglected by generations of merchants, overlaid now with hardtop, "debris/of common/wealths."

In his lecture, "What's Happening on Earth?" Ginsberg too discussed the world, or that part of it he saw in visits to Cuba, Russia and satellite countries during the first six months of this year. Discussing Communist suppression of divergent opinion among students and writers, he spent the lecture implicitly qualifying his own uninformed idealism about the continuing "revolution" behind the iron curtain. But Olson's charge in *Maximus* that "So few/have the polis/in their eye" was most eloquently expressed by Edward Dorn. He began his talk on "The Poet, the People, the Spirit" by drawing on the blackboard a quite detailed map of Idaho and the states touching it, then marking the various American Indian reservations in the area. Quietly and intensely he recounted his visit to a few of these reservations with a Negro photographer. Dorn sees in the Indian an "apt admonishment," the same kind of warning Wordsworth received from the Leech Gatherer; and like Lawrence's Navajos or Mexicans he sees the Indian as living in another world which is yet simultaneous with our own. Toward the end of his long poem, "The Land Below," he describes this old Indian man:

He wore a green shirt, otherwise
he retained a solitude, his lean
ankles crossed.
And the hair done up in back
with a simple white tight wound
cloth
and girding his hair and forehead
a patterned handkerchief, a fore-
lock hanging
over, the longer hair bobbed around
his head.
There was a chipmunk stealing
wieners,
the fastness a cartoon movement,
was such
a difference looking from it to the
man.

(from *Hands Up!*,
Totem/Corinth, 1964)

In the final sentences of his lecture, Dorn turned his wealth of commentary on the interplay of Negro, dispossessed Indian, and himself—white, and maybe too self-consciously a poet—into an emblem of American society, praising finally all criminals, eccentrics, poets, strangers on the move, because those aliens among us at least "know where they've been." The lecture set forth a larger moral

sense of poetry and American life than Dorn—or any of these poets—has yet encompassed in poems.

Dorn tentatively contrasted the impotent violence and rage, the playing with death, of young Shoshone bucks on the reservation, with the possible formative lawlessness of the poet in approaching his materials. This is the theme of his pamphlet, "What I see in the Maximus Poems" (Migrant, 1960)—"it is the matrix which interests me rather than the metrics"—of Robert Duncan's "Notes on Poetics: Regarding Olson's *Maximus*" (*The Review*, January, 1964), and also of Robert Creeley's conference lecture on "A Sense of Measure." William Carlos Williams, in a discussion of "Measure" (*Spectrum*, 1959) which Creeley quoted, focuses the problem nicely: "The 'moral' issue is never far in the rear. The exact point of pressure for an American . . . poet, is his own language, how it will be put on the page to represent what his mind perceives directly about him. . . . Our native idiom, the way we speak in this democracy, is the image our poetry must dig in as a fertile soil. . . . Men and women who are in love do not any longer feel this way, the way adopted by the sonnet, toward each other." And yet,

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"Freedom cannot be the end of it": finished with "the abberation of free verse," which is "no more than a contradiction in terms . . . we have to learn to recount, taking our idiom as a constant (and for that we have to know what we are taking) and make units of it which we compose into our effects."

Creeley was careful to qualify that what he and Williams are talking about is *a*, not *the*, sense of measure; and that at best there is nothing "free" or arbitrary about the process of composition which gives the unique poem its appropriate cadences. He noted that when Charles Tomlinson started using Williams' three-tier line

as a system or form, it went dead. Creeley is himself so suspicious of cliché that his normal conversation is studded with the unconscious formula "quote-unquote" — a rather crude way to disarm language of potential platitude. Surprisingly the word "love" doesn't stick in his throat. His poems in *For Love* have neither the full vocabulary nor the full confrontation with "the 'moral' issue" which Williams called for, being each of them a little exercise in purified or heightened idiom. His essentially lyric personality was best demonstrated at his open reading, where he was concerned, in the poems and their covering explanations, with intimate matters of phrasal nuance and personal love experience. He read his own work with anguish, uttering word after word, atomizing the syntax, turning each poem into a series of shining syllabic nuggets.

Yet at his best, in the wonderful poem "Something," Creeley moves toward the public speech, the more active vocabulary and the flair for specific description, of Williams and Olson. Since measure means nothing if not the full sweep of a poem including its ending, I quote:

I remember
once in a rented room on
27th street, the woman I loved
then, literally, after we
had made love on the large
bed sitting across from
a basin with two faucets, she
had to pee but was nervous,
embarrassed I suppose I
would watch her who had but
a moment ago been completely
open to me, naked, on
the same bed. Squatting, her
head reflected in the mirror,
the hair dark there, the
full of her face, the shoulders,
sat spread-legged, turned on
one faucet and shyly pissed. What
love might learn from such a sight.

The delicate deployment of punctuation (commas surrounding "literally" but not "I suppose"), the unobtrusive colloquial verbs, the unemphatic closing on a statement which is neither question nor exclamation: this is the concert of specifics which makes for movement within a measure.

The diversity of these poets is pronounced enough; however far more important is their shared interest in the problem of place, in the limits of observation and description, in the technical and moral perplexities of "measure" in its broadest definition.

I doubt that T. S. Eliot was mentioned once in the two weeks of the conference, but the documents and the poets in their pantheon—H. D., Louis Zukofsky, Pound, Williams, Olson—are constantly referred to as "facts," writers whose poems are to be mastered, even plundered. To speak of Berkeley free speech and the writing of these poets is, admittedly, to speak by analogy. Yet in the order of things the conjunction is surely not one of chance. The better students, the better poets, have the polis in their eye. And with their own free-speech movement, their own search for the meaning of responsible measure, these poets are as conscious as the most sensible student-movement leaders that "freedom cannot be the end of it."

Genuine measure is the more urgent now because students and poets alike have gathered to themselves a fringe culture which wants anarchy for its own sake. To survive, the free-speech movement will have to disembarass itself of the worst forms of Filthy Speech. Café-lined Telegraph Avenue at Berkeley has the Riviera atmosphere of the sexual trading post: that copulation thrives is not (probably) in itself evil, but that this same area is the heart of the student movement suggests that we may be observing a sexualization of politics, a radical confusion of personal and political freedoms. Probably this tendency is reinforced by the personal example and writings of Paul Goodman. In another, more relevant influence, the motto of Filthy Speech seems to have come from a mimeographed magazine which last fall printed work from most poets who read at the Berkeley conference. This was the famously lewd *Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts*, whose cry was "total war on culture" and whose editorials, with serious levity, demanded "freedom for hallucinogens," as well as free speech. Reading this magazine, one has to separate true originality from shock technique, humor from paranoia, writing from ranting. A similarly severe discrimination applies even more to Filthy Speech and other excessive attempts to flout the values of the community outside university walls. The challenge is that inevitably a politics or a poetry which is tentative, polemical, desperate, has a principle of continuous anarchy: only its finest talents will be learning what to do with their freedom.

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Primitive Anti-Communism

MARXISM. One Hundred Years in the Life of a Doctrine. By Bertram D. Wolfe. The Dial Press. 404 pp. \$6.95.

STRANGE COMMUNISTS I HAVE KNOWN. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Stein and Day. 222 pp. \$6.

Samuel Adams Darcy

Visor up, isolated in his armor, Bertram Wolfe approaches Marx; it is much more a combat than the act of scholarship he would like us to believe it to be. Wolfe has for years been pursuing this war within a war: however it began, the stance is now martial, which is not, perhaps, the best way to challenge Marx or to embark on the formidable undertaking of writing a history of Marxist teaching. No doubt there are other views: some would hold that Wolfe is not nearly martial enough, and that the only way to deal with the fellow is to have at him. Whatever the merits of these arguments, the fact is that in Wolfe's case the posture has produced two inadequate books.

In the 117 years of its history, Marxism has become the official ideology of some 40 per cent of the world's population. In view of the power and determination of its opponents, and the frequent incompetence and even venality of some Marxist leaders, this is a remarkable achievement indeed; and any book which sets out to analyze the history of Marxism should minimally answer two questions: what is the reason for this achievement, and are the Marxist leaders now pursuing the aims Marx originally propounded?

Wolfe answers neither question. Indeed, a reliance on Wolfe must lead one to conclude that Marxism is a fatally flawed doctrine and that its immense growth and influence is a terrible, unaccountable mistake. Nor is this all: Lenin's understanding of Marx was also faulty, and therefore he could never succeed in establishing socialism in the Soviet Union. And Wolfe is willing to go even beyond this and say that Marxist-Leninist socialism is in fact a

blind alley and near collapse. One suspects his friends would have wished he had not tried to prove so much; in single combat he has attempted to take on all comers.

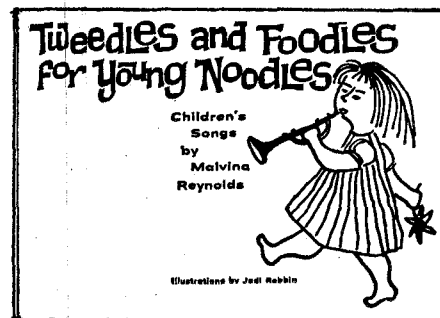
This is a pity. Intelligent and lucid explications of Marxism are still urgently needed, especially in this country where writers beyond number have produced books which aimed to kill off Marxism once and for all, a millenarian task which has created a new industry, books for the remainder tables, obscurity for the writers, and almost no light at all. It would be easy enough to say that this is the result of a determined know-nothingism; and, in truth, there was in the past enormous resistance to Marxist thought. But the recent meeting of the American Sociological Association, with Coser and Bottomore's tributes to Marx, and the encouragement of the study of his methods as a *contemporary* guide, is only one of many indications during the past few years that Marxism in America is achieving the academic respectability it has long held in Western Europe.

There is no reflection of this in Wolfe's history, and no response to it; he has, we gather quickly enough, other concerns. One of these is to prove that Lenin was for defeat of one's own country in war, and he devotes 70 pages to a close examination of this notion. Engels, we are told, was for the defense of one's

fatherland. Therefore, obviously, these two great men are at opposite poles and flatly contradict each other. But in fact there is no contradiction; the truth is often simpler than Wolfe will allow. In Engels' time, Czarist Russia menaced all of Europe, much as Nazi Germany did in the thirties. The presence of Russia made even small gains impossible. In Marx's view, the defeat of czarism was critically urgent. He and Engels supported the German Government's efforts against the Czar, cursed those Balkan countries which supported Russia, and hailed the Poles who fought for independence and against the Czar. They urged France to make no pacts with Russia. This was not, as Wolfe suggests, German chauvinism; it was, clearly, Marx's strategy against reaction.

Like every other member of the European Left of his time, Lenin shared this view of Russia; therefore, though a Russian, he worked for Russia's defeat. Fearing precisely such confusion as Wolfe has fallen into, Lenin emphasized that despite his own tactics against the Czar, the "defense of the fatherland is permissible . . . as a defense of democracy." Wolfe evades the very problem he raises; it is all reduced to a counterpoising of isolated statements which become, by assertion, dogma. The journey from assertion to total confusion is an easy one. Contradictions may abound but on this point, between Engels and Lenin, there was none.

On Marx's economic ideas—a matter of some importance, certainly—we must assume that Wolfe claims



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Samuel Adams Darcy was secretary of the Communist Party of the state of California during the height of protest movements of the 1930s, and played a significant role in the San Francisco general strike of 1934.

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small competence, since he does little more than advocate marginal utility economics plus the "use of computer mathematics." He evidences no grasp, for example, of the economic pressures and particularly the need to find a way to acquire investment capital without once more falling under foreign domination, which impel the former colonial nations to declare themselves Marxist. He takes this as a sign of the intellectual pretentiousness of new nations: even so "new" a nation as China.

On some questions Wolfe points to real problems, as others have done before him. The most urgent of these is the malignant nationalism, which is one of the crucial unsolved problems of the Socialist world. Even here, however, Wolfe takes refuge in a spurious "internationalism," and again avoids coming to grips with the hard facts. He considers the rise of "nationality" to be in opposition to "internationalism," and finds, not surprisingly, that "actually, the great ages of internationalism were to be sought in the past; the Roman Empire with its Pax Romana." In truth, all nations must achieve freedom from external domination in order to evolve into a genuine and effective world organization; internationalism is not possible for a people who are slaves, as so many were under Wolfe's exemplary Rome. In our epoch, the achievement of nationhood is historic progress toward internationalism, not

a movement in the opposite direction.

Wolfe's confusion aside, it must be said that Socialist countries have manifested a narrow national self-interest which has produced much conflict and holds the potential for a great deal more. But it must also be said that none of these conflicts has yet reached a stage of war, as they would surely have done in the past. The problem is nevertheless present and it is a crucial one. It is interesting that Marshall Phillipe de Hautecloque ("Leclerc"), commander in chief of the French forces in Indo-China from 1945 to 1947, said that anti-communism "will remain a useless tool in our hands as long as the problem of nationalism remains unsolved." It is a troublesome problem to both sides, and one that will clearly not be solved by any one nation's Pax, a crude and antique device which perhaps still holds some appeal for the military but surely for no one else.

Wolfe's catchy title, *Strange Communists I Have Known*, provides a reviewer with a neat strategic device for revealing something of Wolfe's curious approach to the educative process. It is impossible to resist pointing out that he writes of ten

people; he admits that he has not met five of them; of the remaining five, he met one only once; two of the ten, he tells us, were not, in fact, Communists. For the most part, the book consists of anti-Soviet gossip and rumors, some of it long ago discredited: John Reed's deathbed recantation, for example, which was found by Theodore Draper to be without substance.

Wolfe provides us with all the symbols of scholarship but none of its treasures: there are many footnotes and exquisite avowals and disavowals of translations, a meticulous dedication to details, and a marked failure to illuminate the subject. Wolfe derides Communist writers because, he tells us, they hold to the view that "one does not think, one quotes." In his *Marxism*, Wolfe uses 787 quotes in the text, forty-five in the footnotes, and forty-three in chapter headings, some of which exceed 400 words.

This may be a record. If so, one hopes it is never to be broken. These two books, though brand new, already have about them an antique air: survivors from an early period of primitive anti-communism, they now stumble toward us; however, it is we who rub our eyes with astonishment.

ART

Max Kozloff

RHYTHMIC FUROR

If one were to list Edvard Munch's various claims to attention (there is now a curious retrospective of his work at the Guggenheim), a great range of achievements would come to mind. Claiming first place might be the historical change he effected when his exhibition of 1892 created a storm in the German *avant-garde*, and generated not merely the Berlin Secession but modern Expressionism outside France as well. At one stroke it showed that nascent *art nouveau* (*Jugendstil*) could be far more emotive than decorative, and that a visual crystallization (Munch's favorite word) could be fused between Symbolist aesthetics and Scandinavian theatre. More synoptic than Ensor, more penetrating than Hodler, Munch became one of the most visible representatives of the exhausted *fin-de-siècle* renewing itself by the obsession that inner and outer worlds

exist only to be transliterated by artistic materials.

Or, one might point to his contribution in prints, for surely he was one of the most consummate graphic artists of modern times. A singular accord binds Munch's desire to find emblems of situations and states of mind with the discoveries he made in spotting isolated black shapes—clumps of people huddled together—in simple, irrational designs. The dark bulk of a couple embracing is overprinted by a wood block whose lightly inked striations create a veil for their emotion, while stressing simultaneously the literal quality of the medium, and an incipient abstraction. Elsewhere, sinuous stripes energize voids with rhythmic echoes that are shared by human beings and nature alike. These are conceptions which reach past the particulars of draftsmanship.

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But it is as a psychologist that Munch strikes home most forcefully. His personal intensity matches the pictorial syntax with which he etches some rather elemental themes: sickness, death, man alone, sexual conflict. This is not said specifically of his innumerable portraits, for in them Munch is incisive, even memorable, without really breaking with the naturalist mold. Nor does it point to his later proletarian sympathies, or pantheistic cycles in tribute of life forces, for these have more to do with his intellectual make-up than with his aesthetic nerve ends.

A visual artist, Munch could not portray a human dilemma by depicting its past or future history, as on the stage, nor as an *avant-gardist*, could he characterize psychological disturbance by mimic illustration. Both devices stem from romantic or literary tradition, and—though “literary” himself, in that he wanted to reveal nonvisual relationships between people—Munch had to recast the social infra-structure of his world in formal terms.

Therefore, the shadowy vagueness from which his personages emerge or disappear functions not as a timeless context, nostalgic or monumental, but as a plasmic, ever-present, ever-menacing location which exposes the inner agitation of his actors (“Moonlight,” “The Death Bed”). Moreover, Munch was one of the most acute among those who realized the dramatic possibilities in the conflict between surface and depth. If the progressive tendency of his day was to flatten all volumes, and to move along on one plane in the fashion of an arabesque, Munch would at times straighten out the arabesque just enough to suggest a radically up-ended perspective (while disguising the point at which the shift occurs). His images, whether animate or inanimate—and sometimes there is little enough distinction—would consequently be locked in an insufferable tension of near and far, perpetually disjointed in a shallow space. At their most successful, his works combine these qualities of indistinctness and disproportion, put to the service of isolating the shifting predicaments of living.

Yet, that Munch in his early maturity was continuing to elicit moods, is quite out of the question. A “mood,” no matter how piercing, is by its nature circumstantial and transient; one stages it. Munch, on

the contrary, premises each of his important, anti-narrative tableaux on a statement about the condition of man; he delivers even an unspecified anxiety irrevocably. Not for nothing does one see his people only frontally or from the side. No real intimacy is vouchsafed the spectator. An invisible wall separates him from the muted events within the canvas. This transition from mood to statement can be seen when comparing the 1890 “Night in St. Cloud,” where the gaze moves easily into a darkened room in which a man’s figure is profiled against a dim window, with “The Voice” of 1893, a transfixed woman amidst a lakeshore forest, in which a stillness of the mind is as apparent as of the place. But this woman looks directly out, unaware that she is establishing a contact by one of the few “actions” the artist will permit. It is a matter of some judgment to determine whether this contact is caused by the heightened expectancy of the subject, or a more ambitious effort to draw the beholder into some new intuition of the surroundings (“The Red Villa”). That is, the artist deliberately equivocates about the status of the properties he displays: they may be fixtures of a synthesized reality, but they may also be alarms in the head next to which they are pictorially juxtaposed. This is certainly the case with Munch’s “Jealousy” series, in which a man dreams his betrayal as a scene which he himself introduces. There may be no intimacy in all this, as I said, but there is great revelation.

Some of Munch’s fruitful temporizing between archaic theatrical convention and illumination of the unconscious is carried over in his inflammatory treatment of iconography. “The Death of Marat,” for instance, is transformed into a sexual murder. “The Dance of Life” has a “Judgment of Paris” subplot. A man in a woman’s arms is entitled “Vampire.” And of “The Kiss,” Strindberg correctly and typically said that it is “the fusion of two beings, the smaller of which, shaped like a carp, seems on the point of devouring the larger, as is the habit of vermin, microbes, vampires and women.” But the most haunting of his visions is a color lithograph, “Madonna,” which combines the lassitude of a naked odalisque and the deathlike visage of the mother, expiring in a religious, yet carnal ecstasy. She is the St. Teresa of Symbolism, made all the more disturbing in one version (not at the

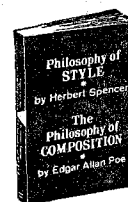
museum) by a border of wriggling spermatozoa which call the bluff of the *art nouveau* whiplash. Put next to a gilded Gibson girl “Judith” by Klimt, Munch’s “Madonna” would reveal some of the same equation between morbidity and seduction. But the Klimt is no more than a social titillation; the Munch subverts society. It is this subversion that marks him as the innovator, and the troubled man, he was. The expression of his hostile ambivalence toward women gained force because, in some respects, it was involuntary. Concerning Munch’s corroded eroticism, Werner Hofmann remarks that it is “the final line that the century draws under the battle of the sexes. . . . There is nothing of that other dance of life found in the Moulin de la Galette. There is no illusion now, but bitterness, mutual recrimination, the awakening conscience, jealousy, mistrust, estrangement and a speechless coexistence that knows no more to say.” The various pictorial genres, or

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what is left of them, collapse into the poisonous intuition of the Norwegian artist.

In order to effect such a demonological outlook, Munch's painterly apparatus faced a decisive choice. If his palette was to flare up, and his brush to gesture wildly, then his means would call drastic attention to themselves. When this happened in his work, in the form of chromatic clashes and a broken semaphore of touches, its neurotic edge was lost without there being any corresponding increase in energy. But to work in half lights, thin coatings and subdued harmonies, in accord with the splenetic repression he himself felt, was to risk a kind of schematic murkiness. This is what makes Munch's paintings so uneven, because he could rescue them from physical anticlimax only by stopping short the dissipation that made them psychologically explicit. Quite often one sees in his pictures unresonant dissonances, laconic turpentine slurs, in which color itself hesitates to declare the malaise that feeds his very perception. At such moments, Munch can resemble scores of Northern provincial painters who flirted timorously with Expressionism. On the other hand, especially when he deals with the crepuscular Scandinavian light, he evokes a reverse nocturne which is attuned to the low-grade virulence of his coloring. At its best, Munch's art is concisely vicious. And even its furor is rhythmic.

As an exhibition, the Guggenheim show packages a number of previously unseen works from Norway, but is overweighted toward dullness. Moreover, if "The Scream" is present, those other masterpieces, "Puberty" and "The Death Chamber" are sadly absent. The prints, too, are given short shrift; either much more or much less should have been done with them. Very little attempt has been made to untangle the knotty relationships of graphics to paintings. And the catalogue confines itself to information useless to the interested layman. Finally, perhaps because of the alien, antiseptic surroundings of this museum, the installation is unfortunate. All in all, not a model to follow in the future.

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